

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 18, 1964

BUILDING THE PAVILIONS OF CULTURE

TIME

THE WEEK

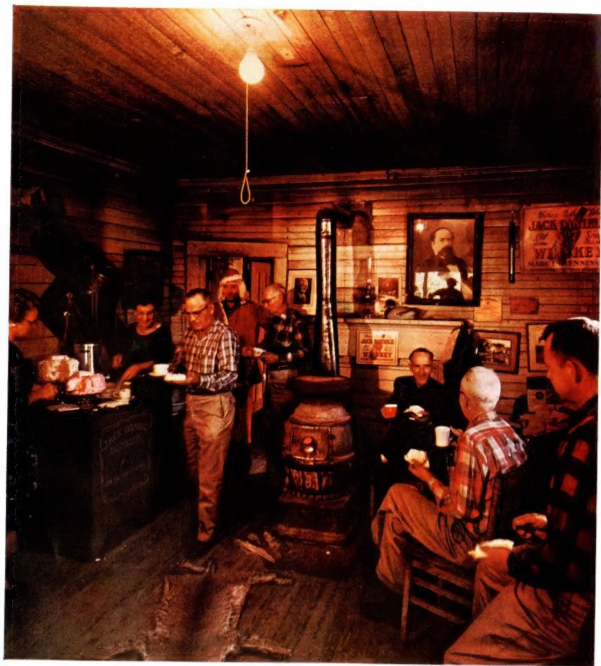


LOS ANGELES'
BUFF CHANDLER

DEAN KATZ

VOL. 84 NO. 25

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JACK DANIEL'S OFFICE PARTY isn't a very big affair. But we still like to return to our old office next door to enjoy our bookkeepers' good baking and the pleasant company. Best wishes to you for an enjoyable holiday season.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

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"Is it dumb luck...or am I a natural?"

She got a strike the very first time she bowled.

It's hard to describe her joy—so we snapped her picture.

But to answer her question, her strike was probably part luck and part natural ability.

Because bowling is easy to learn.

You'll find that bowling is real fun right from the start. It's wonderful exercise, too. All your major muscles get a light and easy workout. Helps keep you trim and fit.

Why not give bowling a whirl soon?

You can bowl any time, any day, any weather.

For the best in bowling, look for the Magic Triangle.



American Machine & Foundry Company



You look as if you lost your
commutation ticket. I've got the world on my
shoulders.



You can talk to me. I have a nice house, a new
car, a wonderful wife, three
great kids and a parakeet
that calls me "cool cat."



That's a problem? I also have a big mortgage,
a car loan, four mouths to
feed—not counting me and
the bird—the kids to
educate and so on. I feel
like a walking obligation.



Listen, a lot of guys are in
the same boat. Besides, you're
young and you have a good
job with a future. You'll get
out from under. But what if something
happens to me? You know,
man is not immortal.



You look pretty rugged
to me. You can't tell about those
things. I have an idea I'm prone
to poison ivy. I have to think
about protecting my family.



That's no problem. You can
give them all the protection
they need with Living Insurance
from Equitable. If you die,
Living Insurance can pay off
the mortgage, give your wife
a monthly income, see the kids
through school. On the other
hand, you're the kind who'll
probably live to 100, so you'll
really appreciate the cash values
that Living Insurance builds
for a comfortable retirement. Cash and comfort
are two of the things
I appreciate most.



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Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman?



In case you didn't, it goes like this.

Jack goes on the road. It's always the same routine. He checks his line. Loads up his sample case. Grabs a few order books. Remembers to kiss his wife goodbye. Tries to forget his mortgage. And hops in the car.

The ending changes, depending on whose car he hops in.

First version, Jack decides en route to entertain the farmer's daughter. But on his expense account he calls her "new brake linings." Who do you think pays for the so-called brake linings?

Next version, Jack travels all year. He needs a car. So the company buys him a car. Man, does it cost. To keep it running, it costs even more. If it's a lemon, it costs through the nose. Who do you think shells out for that company car?

And version No. 3, Jack travels for only part of the year. But he still needs a car. So the company rents a car for him when he needs one. Which rent-a-car? Anyone. They're all alike. Or are they? Do all rent-a-cars give a healthy commercial discount? Do they all offer first-class service? Will any rent-a-car at all give Jack free parking? Furthermore, can he get a car whenever he needs one? What does mileage cost? And will Jack have to spend his time picking up and delivering?

Questions. Questions. Who's got time to figure the answers?

Kinney. That's who.

Kinney not only has time. We

have an expert. A real live efficiency and financial expert. A guy who'll sit down and ask a million questions about your company's driving habits. He'll also figure out the answers. Kinney's answers on how to keep your company rolling in Kinney cars. Cheaply and conveniently.

Here's just a sampling of Kinney's answers.

We'll deliver. We'll give you free parking in over 85 Kinney locations. We'll even make sure you won't get stuck with a lemon. We always check our cars before they leave the garage. But you don't pay a cent for that maintenance. Or any other maintenance.

Furthermore, we'll give you a Kinney car whenever you need one. That means winter, fall, spring, summer and last minute. We won't charge for mileage either. When we give you a deal, it's a deal. We not only guarantee you the lowest rates possible, Kinney will tailor-make a rental program to fit your specific needs.

How do you get us to tailor?

All you have to do is pick up a phone and call George Schmidt at LT 1-7900.

Or pick up a pencil.

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Okay gentlemen.

We'd like your expert to give us a call. We understand that the consultation is absolutely free.

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Name of man to call

Phone number

Address

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ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

CHARLES HINMAN—Feigen, 24 East 81st. In his first one-man show, Hinman makes the old four-cornered canvas look pretty square. He stretches cotton duck over plywood frames in shapes that writhe up the wall, dangle in three-dimensional blocks, and seem to jump with shock waves of hard-edged color. Through Jan. 2.

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER—Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave. at 80th. Working in watercolor on rice paper, the dean of Pratt Institute's art school marks his horizons with a single stroke, lets specks of light seep through waves of cool blues and greens. Through Jan. 2.

KENNETH EVETT—Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave. at 80th. Cornell Painting Professor Evett hails from Colorado, evokes the rugged Rocky Mountains in his sumi-ink paintings. One, called *Gorge*, is a yawning cavity that trips the viewer into a head-on tumble into deep space. Through Dec. 31.

GEORGES ROUAULT—Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th. Rouault spent nearly a decade painting this set of 54 small oils on the Passion of Christ, then mounted each like a jewel on a luminous blue-green mat. This is the first time the rare religious masterworks, up for sale at \$2,000,000, have been shown in New York. Through Dec. 19.

EDGAR DEGAS—Thaw, 50 East 78th. Nine oil monotypes and pastels, first shown in Paris in 1893 and all but forgotten since, record Degas' abstract impressions of the countryside as he jogged along in a carriage. Through Dec. 31.

COBRA GRAPHICS—Lefebvre, 47 East 77th. The COBRA group at their graphic best: Henry Hecrup telling Danish folk tales in hand-colored linoleum cuts; Belgium's Pierre Alechinsky adorning his droll *personnages* with cryptic phrases; Corneille finding poetry in Central Park and the *Flight of the Birds*. Asger Jorn, as his 1939 etchings prove, was a master of graphics at 25; though his colors have ripened, poignant little faces still peer from bright infernos of orange and yellow. Through Jan. 9.

THE SCULPTOR AND THE ARCHITECT—Staempfli, 47 East 77th. Staempfli celebrates some happy unions of sculpture and architecture, notably those of Harry Bertoia and Minoru Yamasaki, Antoine Pevsner and Eero Saarinen, George Rickey and Victor Gruen, and Antoni Gaudi, whose undulating architecture sports his own ironworks. Models, blueprints, sculptures. Through Jan. 9.

MOURA CHABOR—World House, 987 Madison Ave. at 77th. An art student in Paris during the '20s, Moura Chabor caught the eye of Sculptor Antoine Bourdelle, became his model ("A good way to make a living"). Today she catches the essentials of movement in her watercolors: children taking first steps, aerial artists inching across a tightrope, dancers of every kind. Through Jan. 9.

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Stable, 33 East 74th. A gifted U.S. sculptor uses found materials to give new shape to the ancient legend of Orpheus descending into Hades to recover his lost Eurydice. *The Poet in Hell*, simply a weathered plank from a ship's hull and a doll's head poised in a square cutout, is a strange, evocative allu-

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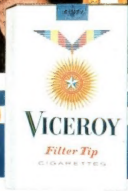
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sion to Orpheus after his fatal encounter. Through Jan. 2.

HERBERT KALLEM—Roko, 867 Madison Ave. at 72nd. Kalleem once shared a studio with Stage Funnyman Zero Mostel (who paints too), is clever enough himself to provoke smiles with plumbing fixtures, pipes, and scrap iron that wind up as owls and other witty fittings of his imagination. Through Dec. 23.

MANOLO—Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave. at 68th. During their youth in Barcelona, Manolo buddied with Picasso, later followed him to Paris. But while cubism whirled around him, Manolo turned to classicism, recalled his native Catalonia with slim-limbed *toreros* and squat, chunky *señoritas*. On display are 23 stone and bronze sculptures, plus drawings and watercolors. Through Dec. 24.

HIROSHIGE—Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave. at 68th. In his 53 *Stages of Tokaido*, Japan's 19th century master printmaker depicts the teahouses and travelers, rainy downpours and iced landscapes along the road that runs from Tokyo to Kyoto. Through Dec. 19.

THE MAGIC OF REALISM—Banfer, 23 East 67th. In egg tempera and acrylic polymer, in still lifes of snails and cockscombs and sultry human dramas, 18 slightly surreal realists change perspective and weave spells always uneasy, often unearthly. Through Dec. 31.

HOSIASON, SCHUMACHER, SERPAN—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 60th. Three European painters work in a rich variety of oils. Philippe Hosiason, Russian-born cousin of the late Boris Pasternak, carves wavy landscapes out of creamy colors. Germany's Emil Schumacher produces scarred and wounded figures from mixed media that resembles dried clay and hardened lava. Iaroslav Serpan, a Yugoslav teaching at the Sorbonne, swishes up a storm of spiny black lines in a sea of gentle blues and greens. Through Dec. 19.

MIDTOWN

MAX BECKMANN—Viviano, 42 East 57th. The big Beckmann show is at the Museum of Modern Art, but Viviano gives a valuable look at such lesser known works as an unfinished triptych (*Ballet Rehearsal*), eight bronzes, drawings, watercolors and oils. Through Jan. 31.

PHILIP C. CURTIS—Knoedler, 14 East 57th. "It's easy, in a siate like Arizona, for a painter to symbolize," explains Arizona Painter Curtis. "The trees, abandoned houses, ghost towns have always been a source of fascination for me." His oils—erie scenes acted out in an atmosphere as hot and dry as Phoenix at noon—send spectators running for their Freudian primers. Through Dec. 26.

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW AND OLD MASTERS—Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave. at 54th. A double-feature of drawing: Surrealist Tchelitchev's figures and landscapes, plus the expertise of Oldtimers Piranesi, Marco Ricci, Ruskin and others. The earliest work is a 15th century miniature of a saint by Florentine Francesco Antonio del Cherico, a small gem in opaque pink, blue and gold. Through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH—Fifth Ave. at 92nd. From 700 artists, the Museum of Modern Art's William Seitz picked 26 painters and sculptors for this first major U.S. showing of contemporary Israeli art. Agam and Castel are well known here, but others, notably

Aika, Mordecai Ardon, Yigael Tumarkin, Yosef Zaritsky, also deserve a close look. Eighty works. Through Jan. 24.

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th. Hanging and sitting around are Alexander Calder's sprawling stabiles and spirited mobiles, along with just about everything else he has concocted in 40 years chock-full of work—wire sculpture, jewelry, toys, paintings (through Jan. 10). "The Shaped Canvas," with works by Paul Feeley, Sven Lukin, Richard Smith, Frank Stella and Neil Williams, shows some of the unusual patterns paintings come in these days. Through Jan. 3.

METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd. Fifty versions of Aesop's fables as seen by artists in five centuries, most recently Alexander Calder and Antonio Frasconi; more than 300 ancient Peruvian ceramics going back to 1000 B.C.; and great French, Dutch and Flemish paintings.

GALLERY OF MODERN ART—Columbus Circle at 59th. The late Reginald Marsh haunted the low spots of the big town, sketching Manhattan's beaches, burlesque and Bowery. The museum shows his paintings, drawings and prints, as well as a retrospective of France's Jean Hélion, who switched from highly regarded abstractions to so-so realistic paintings. Through Jan. 17 and Dec. 27, respectively.

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART—15 West 54th. Benin bronzes, Congolese woods, and a magnificent Afro-Portuguese ivory saltcellar are among the 130 works of African sculpture from the superb collection of Jay C. Leff. Through Feb. 7.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th. New sculptors and old are on display in the Whitney's roundup. Some comers: Mary Bauermeister, Robert Howard, Jason Seely, Jeremy Anderson, H. C. Westermann, George Sugarman. Through Jan. 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—11 West 53rd. Max Beckmann, Germany's late expressionist, was not one to let the viewer walk away from his paintings without a hint of pain or a twinge of conscience. This 220-work retrospective, from brutal war paintings to a final triptych, documents Curator Peter Selz's contention that Beckmann is linked to Kafka, Joyce, Bacon, Antonioni and Bergman as an artist "who enhances the feeling of human estrangement by the use of hard physical reality." Through Jan. 31.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS—29 West 53rd. A sure sign of Christmas is the seasonal deluge of "creative playthings"—the sort of doohickies artists secretly amuse themselves with all year but only break out for the holidays. On hand: Charles Farnes's music machine, Don Drumm's tin-can people, William Accorsi's roller coaster, many others. Through Jan. 17.

PIERPOINT MORGAN LIBRARY—29 East 36th. A fine selection of old-master drawings, mostly by German artists of Dürer's and succeeding generations, but also some Netherlandish and Italian works, including a rare study by Leonardo da Vinci for his *Adoration of the Magi*. Rembrandt's prints—landscapes and self-portraits—are also displayed. Through Jan. 2 and 16.

ROCKLIFY—Eastern Parkway. Every year the museum displays a Christmas masterwork never before shown in the U.S. This season's selection, from Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum, is *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, a pastoral Nativity scene painted by Venetian Francesco Bassano between 1580 and 1590. Through Jan. 3.



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It works for people who sell Paper Cups

"We have never had a coupon return that approached the one we got from our advertisement in Reader's Digest," reports W. G. Genné, General Manager, Dixie Cup Division, and Vice President, American Can Company. "Dixie Dispenser sales are at an all-time high. Returns are still flooding in . . . six months after our coupon appeared."



It works for people who sell Insurance

"Cost per inquiry from The Digest was 26% less than the average for the other national magazines we used," says Joe L. Parkin, Director of Marketing Services for Bankers Life and Casualty Company, Chicago.

"Without question, it's the most powerful magazine we've ever used for the White Cross Plan."



It works for people who sell Coffee

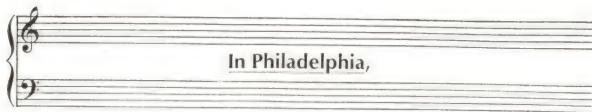
"For every advertising dollar spent, The Digest pulled from 33% to 50% more redemptions than any other magazine used," says Albert Ehlers, Jr., President of Ehlers Coffee.

"Over 125,000 families, representing more than a million pounds of coffee sold, took advantage of Ehlers Coffee advertisements in the Metro New York Edition of Reader's Digest."

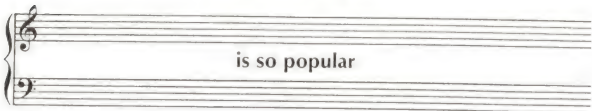


In 1965, advertising in The Digest will work even harder. Over 14½ million U.S. families will buy each issue. No increase in advertising rates. Cost per thousand circulation for a four-color page will *drop* to \$3.84—about half that of other general magazines.

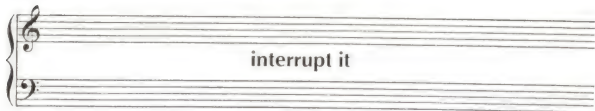
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the music we play



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 16

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)
A program devoted to Cellist Pablo Casals, now almost 88, featuring a visit to his home in Puerto Rico.

Thursday, December 17

PERRY COMEDY MUSIC HALL (NBC, 10-11 p.m.)
Filmed in Rome, Perry's show offers the Sistine Choir, Soprano Roberta Peters and Puppeteer Burr Tillstrom.

Saturday, December 19

LIBERTY BOWL GAME (ABC, 12:30 p.m. to end)
West Virginia plays Utah at Convention Hall in Atlantic City, N.J., scene of last summer's Democratic National Convention.

BLUEBONNET BOWL GAME (ABC, 3:30 p.m. to end)
Mississippi plays Tulsa in Houston.

Sunday, December 20

CBS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.)
Metropolitan Stars Giorgio Tozzi, Charles Anthony and Helen Vanni sing Berlioz' *L'Enfance Du Christ* with the CBS Symphony Orchestra.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 a.m.-12 noon)
A look at Liverpool, England, home of the Beatles, Mersey Monsters, Undertakers and other musical mobs.

NBC OPERA (NBC, 3-4 p.m.)
Gian Carlo Menotti's Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Virgin Visitors*, a rebroadcast of last year's performance starring Kurt Yaghjian as Amahl. Color.

NBC CHILDREN'S THEATER (NBC, 4-5 p.m.)
Music in the round for six- to twelve-year-olds, encouraging audience and at-home participation. Color.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.)
A musical travogue of Duke Ellington's recent tour of Japan.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.)
Walter Matthau stars in the story of Georgia Governor John Stoton, who in 1915 dared commute a controversial death sentence.

Monday, December 21

THE COMING OF CHRIST (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.)
Fourth annual presentation of "The Coming of Christ," the story of Christ's early years told through some 300 paintings of the late Middle Ages and Renaissance. Color.

Tuesday, December 22

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.)
Special Christmas program starring Singer Howard Keel, Dancers Violette Verdy and Edmond Novak. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

POOR RICHARD
Jean Kerr is still wearing the life-of-the-party grin from *Mary, Mary*, but behind the witticisms something sobering denies that life is that kind of party at all. With Alan Bates playing a lyric poet turned wench churmer and lush, the comedy is less funny than *Mary, Mary* but more probably perceptive.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT
Diana Sands and Alan Alda give top perform-

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Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanao.



Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.



Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



Discoveries to make: Brasilia, the world's newest city.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!



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Both coasts for the price of one. Take the East Coast first, or the West. Rio is the place to be at Carnival time (or any other time). Buenos Aires will remind you of Paris—except France has no pampas. Montevideo will shrug if you mention the Riviera. It has Punta del Este just next door. Chile has mountains to schuss in the north. In the south, it has Viña del Mar. Peru has the Inca world of Cuzco and Machu Picchu and the old Spanish world of Lima. Put them all on your must-see list—with a 'Round South America' ticket. As little as \$630 from New York, \$578 from Miami, \$766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that flies clear 'round the continent.*





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Don't get the wrong idea.

We aren't suggesting that you buy our whisky just because it comes in elegant gift packages.

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But once you've decided to give it, free gift-wraps are important.

Which is why we've done our best to package Canadian Club exactly the way you would if you were doing it yourself.

We've used expensive foil, in four original designs—featuring many of the world-famous restaurants where

Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"®.

We've used lots of gay ribbon. And we've made the bows by hand.

Next time you're at your favorite package store, tell the man you want a case of the world's most wanted gift whisky.

It's gift-wrapped at no extra cost.

Canadian Club



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ances: Sands is a prostitute with a tongue of brass who moves in on a bookish clerk (Aida) in Bill Manhoff's flip and funny version of the contemporary form of the mating dance.

LOVE. Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin take a slapstick and tongue-wagging jaunt on a suspension bridge in Murray Schisgal's spoof of the theater of the absurd. Director Mike Nichols mixes word gags and sight gags with unerring skill.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. For this musical documentary, Joan Littlewood uses laughter to hit where it hurts, blending sentimentality, song and satire. An adroit cast led by Victor Spinetti plays the men and women who lived, joked and suffered through World War I.

COMEDY IN MUSIC. Victor Borge toys with the ivories and tickles his audience in a 1½-man romp with Co-Pianist and Foil Leonid Hambro.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. One of the most remarkably versatile talents of the contemporary stage, Zero Mostel breathes nostalgic life into this musical comedy derived from Sholom Aleichem's tales of Tevye and his five daughters.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY. Mitty might have difficulty recognizing himself in this musical exercise thinly based on the Thurber character, but a clever cast and fresh song and dance provide a zesty evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A group of zanies have taken the British revue back to beyond-the-fringe lunacy in a parade of hilarious vignettes.

RECORDS

Christmas Music

Never before has the music of all ages been so munificently available. There are eight versions of Handel's *Messiah*; among the best are a dramatic, big-scaled production by Sir Thomas Beecham (RCA Victor) and a more authentic Baroque version conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, with Joan Sutherland (London). LP proliferation has also produced such ecstasies as Gregorian chants sung by Dominican nuns (Philips), and a class-conscious account of the Nativity written by Scholem Asch and read by Pete Seeger. Other Christmas offerings:

THE PLAY OF HEROD (2 LPs; Decca) is a 12th century church music drama intended at the time "to fortify the faith of the unlettered vulgar." It is sung in Latin under the direction of Noah Greenberg.

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ: THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO (Angel). Born 100 years before Bach and Handel, Schütz was their musical ancestor, but his oratorio is beautiful in its own right. Hans Thamm conducts his Windsbach Boys' Choir and a small ensemble that gets arresting effects with such archaic instruments as the clarinio and the theorboe.

J. S. BACH: CHRISTMAS ORATORIO (3 LPs; Musical Heritage). A few choral passages are mindy, but Fritz Werner and the Pförzheim Chamber Orchestra give the oratorio a moving and bright performance. Tenor Helmut Krebs is an exceptionally expressive Evangelist, and the voice of Soprano Agnes Giebel floats lightly in a nimbus of violins.

J. S. BACH: MUSIC OF JUBILEE (Columbia). Virtuoso F. Power Biggs has ap-



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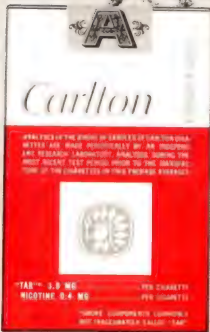
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propriated for his organ and a chamber orchestra whenever music of Bach's he felt was inhuman enough. Thus Biggs performs a good many songs without words, including *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* and *Ah, Dear Jesus* from the *Christmas Oratorio*. Purists will object, but the jubilation is continuous and unrestrained.

SING NOWELL (London) shows that 15th century verses about 15th century "Nowell" fit 20th century music about 20th century Noel. New carols and new arrangements of familiar ones are by leading British composers, including Benjamin Britten, Peter Racine Fricker, Malcolm Williamson. The largely *a cappella* performance by the Elizabethan Singers is accented by fine solos and organ.

CINEMA

TO LOVE. List at first sight is good for grand though gross guffaws in Swedish Director Jörn Donner's tale of a repressed young widow (Harriet Andersson) who meets a fast-moving travel agent at her husband's funeral and gives nary a thought to the mourning alter.

IL BIDONE. Though it sometimes seems a fumbling first version of *Rio*, this Italian tragicomedy about a small-time swindler (Broderick Crawford) in bishop's clothing stirs interest as the missing volume of Director Federico Fellini's "trilogy of Solitude" begun with *La Strada* and ending in *Le Notti di Cabiria*.

THE PUMPKIN EATER. Three husbands, a swarm of progeny and a nervous collapse leave a well-kept wife with an unkempt psyche in this marriage-porridge directed by Britain's Jack Clayton (*Room at the Top*) and played like a house afire by Anne Bancroft.

SEND ME NO FLOWERS. As a suburban hypochondriac who feels the end is nigh, Rock Hudson prepares Wife Doris Day for widowhood, while Tony Randall keeps the tin alive as a macabre neighbor.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. An on happy medium (Kim Stanley) and her timorous spouse (Richard Attenborough) tumble through a kidnapping plot, and Director Bryan Forbes turns it into one of those thro-t-drying English thrillers in which every second seems split.

MY FAIR LADY. Beautiful as ever, the musical classic by Lerner and Loewe out of G. B. Shaw retains Professor Rex Harrison as the Edwardian phonetics expert who transforms Audrey Hepburn from a cockney flower peddler into a proper *Lady*.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. Trapped in a hovel at the bottom of a sand-lout, a man and woman find that their hellhole offers the only real freedom in this lustrous, violent album by Japanese Director Hiroshi Teshigahara.

TOPKAPI. Istanbul is a thieves' carnival, with Melina Mercouri exults the emeralds and Peter Ustinov scalping the laughs in Director Jules Dassin's dual comedy of love and larceny, his best since *Rim*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. The facts of Joe Kennedy's career, the fortunes he made in oil and real estate, and his swift conversion of money into power for himself and his sons need no embellishment; his life is a blueprint for the wheeler-dealer and the kingmaker.

HENRY ADAMS: THE MAJOR PHASE, by Ernest Samuels. Covering the last 30 years

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THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY, by John O'Hara. More short stories by one of the all-time masters of the art. With this, his fourth collection in as many years, O'Hara is threatening to cut off the supply to concentrate on long fiction.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrence Thompson. This collection shows the poet's wit, shrewdness, ego—and also the courage that saw him through an unrelenting succession of family tragedies.

A LITTLE LEARNING, by Evelyn Waugh. The first part of the British satirist's autobiography is a warm, impressionistic recollection of childhood, a spirited account of high living at Oxford and a miserable tour as a master in a bleak boys' school in Wales—in fact, almost all the ingredients of Waugh's brilliant first novel, *Decline and Fall*.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. The misery of an unwanted divorce and custody case and the psychological desolation they inflict on a man of good will are remorselessly pursued by Bellow.

LIFE WITH PICASSO, by Francoise Gilot. In a rich year for memoirs, this account of the great artist by his ex-mistress of nine years holds a surprisingly high place. Mlle. Gilot is frank about her own emotions as well as Picasso's, making her revelation of living with genius meaningful as well as authentic.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. This disturbing book is so in demand that it is out of stock across most of the U.S. It is a record of the religious doubt and mystical exaltation that possessed the late U.N. Secretary-General during times of crisis and tedium.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Erwin Glikson and Paul Schwaier. One of the few books of enduring significance among the 60-odd about President Kennedy published since the assassination. It is a collection of poems, written in grief and occasionally in anger, by many of America's most talented poets.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (6)
4. Condy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
6. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carre (8)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (7)
8. Julian, Vidal (4)
9. The Brigadier and the Golf Widow, Cheever (10)
10. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Kennedy Years, the New York Times and Viking Press (6)
4. My Autobiography, Chaplin (3)
5. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (7)
6. The Italians, Barzini (4)
7. The Warren Commission Report
8. Life with Picasso, Gilot
9. Patton: Ordeal and Triumph, Farago (5)
10. The Words, Sartre (9)



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LETTERS

Charred Hearts & Politics

Sir: It is expecting quite a lot of the Vietnamese [Dec. 11] to stand by patiently and watch their country slowly disintegrate for a political principle that to them is not only an abstraction but also an invitation to death and destruction. Now, against their will, these people have become the pawns in an ideological struggle between the great powers. It is no wonder that, contrary to Buddhist teachings, violence erupted in this atmosphere of frustration and fear. We fail to see that Asians dislike our disregard for their ancient cultures. Expecting them to adopt our attitudes and political institutions can only lead to regression, which may violently alter the course of history.

WILLIAM GILBERT

Skokie, Ill.

Sir: You write about "believers" who tossed hand grenades, and teenagers "supposedly raised in 'the Middle Way,'" etc. I suppose that your American soldiers who have occupied Viet Nam against the wishes of the people are representative of the Christian and Democratic principle of charity and believe that all people have the right to determine the method by which they will be governed. The fact is that if you were to give the people of South Viet Nam a free choice of government, these people would unhesitatingly throw out the so-called American advisers. Then, without the necessity of "Communism" interference, they would choose a government that would respect all kinds of political and religious ideas without favoring any one of them.

CHIN MEI KAO

New York City

Sir: Your cover story on Buddhism was at times hasty, flip, sarcastic, snide, sniping, pompous, preachy, and in bad taste. With these few exceptions, it was fine.

R. F. BAKER

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: In recounting the myth of Buddha's conception, you have supplied us with the granddaddy of all elephant jokes.

ALBERT SACH

Philadelphia

Mossacre & Mercenaries

Sir: Your cover story about Dr. Carlson and the Congo [Dec. 4] was all the more moving because of its restraint. Carlson, picked out and identified but carefully not glorified, shines like a good deed in a very naughty world—to whose conscience you spoke very clearly.

JAMES BYKROM

St.-Jacques-de-Grasse, France

Sir: As Dr. Paul Carlson's pastor, I wish to express my deepest appreciation for the magnificence that you told the story of his martyrdom.

ROBERT A. HONNETTE

Rolling Hills Covenant Church
Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

Sir: Artist Vickrey has captured a look of unbelieving disappointment in the face of the late Dr. Paul Carlson. This is an emotion that clearly expresses the futility of many efforts in the Congo, but was nevertheless an emotion not shared by that indefatigable missionary.

ELLIOTT BRAM SEWELL

Louvain, Belgium

Sir: The picture of the corpse of Dr. Paul Carlson is an offense to the man, his work, and the mission to which he dedicated his life. You have in this picture brought dishonor to an honorable man.

LANCE A. HERRICK

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: Although not an Afro-American, but nevertheless an American Negro, I was outraged by your reporting of the Congo massacre, with your sophomoric generalizations on the savagery of the blacks on the African continent. If Americans were able to remember their own history, they would find these Simbas no more savage than those responsible for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Perhaps one day when the white people of the West, and particularly the whites of America, can become true humanitarians, then the African states can bemoan the pestilence at Stanleyville.

L. S. SENHOUSE JR.

Newark

Man of the Year

Sir: I nominate the Chairman of the Communist Party in the People's Republic of China, Mao Tse-tung. This insidious and inscrutable leader of one-fourth of the world's population now holds his finger on the trigger of China's newly developed atomic device. He most certainly altered the course of history in 1964.

BERNARD K. FRANK

Portland, Ore.

Sir: The Chinese scientists who helped Communist China achieve a place in the Atomic Club.

SHUAIB MIRZA

Rahimyar Khan, Pakistan

Sir: Nikita Khrushchev, since he may never again be eligible.

ROY C. BOYER

Warren, Mich.

Sir: There can be no suspense about your Man of the Year: L.B.J.

LAWRENCE W. PAHL

Chicago

Sir: Barry Goldwater, the man who persuaded millions of Republicans to vote Democratic.

STUART CUTHBERTSON

Glendale, Calif.

Sir: John F. Kennedy, whose memory has been the inspiring force of 1964.

PAUL F. FABERMAN

Piedmont, Calif.

Sir: U. Thant of the U.N.—the man entrusted with the toughest job on earth: keeping the peace of the world in the '60s of the 20th century.

TET KHAUNG

Myingyan, Burma

Sir: Brooks Patterson.

BROOKS PATTERSON

Detroit

Sir: The commuter! You should run a story pointing out the woes of us tax-paying, strap-hanging, deficit-burdened, tail-crushed 8-to-6 slobs.

G. G. COONEY

Marshfield, Mass.

Rebel Students

Sir: Students who organize a college strike cannot be much of an asset to their university or our country. Manual labor might be more beneficial for them and all of us.

NATHAN D. SHAPIRO

Brooklyn

Ire in Omaha

Sir: I do not know why you keep putting your joke section under "Art" in your magazine. Artist Johns [Dec. 4] lets his beer go to his head, his beer curts to the canvas, and your Art section to pot!

W. A. MURDOCK

Omaha

The Big Eye

Sir: In regard to whether or not public hearings should be televised [see Bussell, I offer my authoritative opinion: there should be no such intimacy going on. In campaigns America has already been dragged into measuring only what the candidate looks and sounds like, not the importance of what he puts on paper. It frightens me to think what would have happened if IV had been as influential in the time of Socrates, who was not very pretty; or of Moses, who had a great impediment of speech; or of Jesus, whose Hebrew had a strong Galilean accent; or of Lincoln, whose wart, beard and shrill voice would have made Madison Avenue get rid of him immediately. It was what Mr. Lincoln said at Gettysburg that will be remembered, not how he looked or sounded on television.

GEORGE JESSEL

Los Angeles

Self-Help in Louisiana

Sir: The fruit-cake manufacturer you mentioned in regard to the Poverty Program [Dec. 4] is the Southern Consumers' Cooperative. A majority of its mem-

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Over

THE Norman Chandlers of Los Angeles this week join a rather select club. In the more than 2,100 issues of *TIME*, only 16 men and their wives have, until now, been separate cover subjects. With Buff Chandler's appearance this week, some seven years after her husband (July 15, 1957), they become the 17th set.

Most of the other cover couples were government leaders and their wives, such as George V of England and Queen Mary back in the '20s and '30s, or John F. Kennedy (who appeared seven times) and Jackie (Jan. 20, 1961). Among the few nongovernmental couples on the list are the notable names of John D. Rockefeller Jr. and his wife Abby Aldrich, and Albert Einstein and his wife Elsa, who was the subject of a cover story (Dec. 22, 1930) that told how she cared for her great but absent-minded husband. Other couples, such as Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne (Nov. 8, 1937), have appeared on the cover together. And some show business people are somewhat hard to classify: for example, Ava Gardner was on the cover (Sept. 3, 1951) before she married Frank Sinatra, and he made his appearance (Aug. 29, 1955) after they were separated.

Both Norman and Buil Chandler were painted from life by Henry Koerner, who saw Buil as "a goddess hovering over the city" of Los Angeles. He posed her with a model of the new Los Angeles Music Center, used a rich blue cloth to hang in for the city's sky, and added his impressionistic view of Los Angeles at night from the window of his hotel room. When the portrait was nearly complete, Mr. Chandler took a look and found it a good likeness of Mrs. Chandler. Then, possibly



NORMAN CHANDLER

thinking also of his own portrait, he told her in reassuring tones: "Henry, you know, never flatters." Returning the compliment, Painter Koerner, who generally finds men easier to deal with ("Women are more critical"), pronounced both the Chandlers good subjects.

Among the couples in the select Time cover club, Norman and Buff Chandler are unique in the area of subject matter they represent. Norman Chandler was the subject of a story that turned around the part his Los Angeles Times played in the development of the city, while Mrs. Chandler is the central figure in a Modern Living story because of her great success as a leader in the cause of culture. She is eloquent on the subject. She told her story to Los Angeles Bureau Chief Marshall Berges in a series of conversations, ranging over four days, that ran to 15 hours on a tape recorder. Off that tape came a major part of a story analyzing the remarkable surge of interest and investment in culture that has spread all across the U.S.

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6 hard-headed reasons to be soft-hearted and give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera for Christmas.



Soft-hearted? Look, once a year you're entitled to be that way. You've got a right to give him what you *know* his heart must be set on having. Maybe, though, you need a little support... a few hard-headed reasons for doing it.

1.

Magnificent color. Is he finicky about his pictures? Wait till he sees the color prints this camera delivers in just 60 seconds. The rich, clear reds, the deep browns, the subtle greens, the exceptionally faithful reproduction of delicate skin tones (they're the hardest). When he shoots black and white, he'll be just as happy about the crisp, detailed shots, the fine range of tonal values.

2.

Correct exposures—automatically. No guessing about lens openings or speeds, no fussing with meters. Even when you're shooting color flash, you get the right exposures *automatically*. Just focus and snap. The transistorized shutter, coupled with an electric eye, takes care of the rest. Actually measures the brief burst of the flash, makes the necessary calculations and sets the correct exposure! *All automatically.* Not even the most expensive cameras can do this.

3.

It's light, travels easily. For all its technical marvels, the Polaroid Color Pack Camera is small and compact. In fact, it weighs less than many 35mm models. But it delivers a big picture—3½" x 4½". So it's great for trips and vacations.

4.

Loading is much, much easier. This camera uses a new kind of flat film pack (8 shots, color or black and white) that slips into the back. Takes all of 7 seconds. Focusing is a lot easier, too. The precision rangefinder moves in the direction of your fingers. When the double images come together, you're in focus. Ready to shoot.

5.

New, lower-priced model. Now there are 2 Polaroid Color Pack Cameras. And the new one, you'll be glad to know, is substantially lower in price. But still substantially the same fine camera. We've dropped the chrome housing for the shutter and the fancy leather strap. But we've kept the transistorized shutter, the snap-pack loading, the lightness, the big-sized pictures. And the beautiful results.

6.

For the time of it. This, of course, is the reason. This is what picture-taking is all about. Or should be. And is—with a Polaroid Land camera. The never-ending fun of seeing your pictures on the spot—color in 60 seconds, black and white in 10. So you see, you don't have to be so soft-hearted (and not so well-heeled, either) to give a Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Lots of hard-headed characters are doing it.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 18, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 25

THE NATION

RACES

Two Perspectives—One Goal

Rarely in a single week had two Americans spoken with greater authority and eloquence on the contemporary condition of man. In Oslo, where he accepted the Nobel Peace Prize for 1964, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. spoke with the insight of a Negro who has led his race's monumental struggle without ever losing the faith and idealism that gave inspiration to his people. Half a world away in Washington, Lyndon Johnson talked from the broader perspective of the presidency, where pragmatism, no less than idealism, is a prime quality of leadership. Both men served their purposes well.

In moving, measured cadence, King told an audience that included King Olav V: "I am mindful that only yesterday in Birmingham, Alabama, our children, crying out for brotherhood, were answered with fire hoses, snarling dogs and even death. I am mindful that only yesterday in Philadelphia, Mississippi, young people seeking to secure the right to vote were brutalized and murdered.

"Therefore, I must ask why this prize is awarded to a movement which is beleaguered and committed to unrelenting struggle; to a movement which has not won the very peace and brotherhood which is the essence of the Nobel Prize."

An Audacious Faith. "After contemplation, I conclude that this award which I receive on behalf of that movement is profound recognition that non-violence is the answer to the crucial political and moral question of our time—the need for man to overcome oppression and violence without resorting to violence and oppression.

"I accept this award today with an abiding faith in America and an audacious faith in the future of mankind. I refuse to accept the idea that man is mere flotsam and jetsam in the river of life which surrounds him. I refuse to accept the view that mankind is so tragically bound to the starless midnight of racism and war that the bright daylight of peace and brotherhood can never become a reality.

"I believe that even amid today's mortar bursts and whining bullets, there is still hope for a brighter tomorrow. I

believe that wounded justice, lying prostrate on the blood-flowing streets of our nations, can be lifted from this dust of shame to reign supreme among the children of men.

"Today I come to Oslo as a trustee, inspired, and with renewed dedication to humanity. I think Alfred Nobel would know what I mean when I say that I accept this award in the spirit of a curator of some precious heirloom which he holds in trust for its true owner—all those to whom beauty is truth and truth, beauty—and in whose eyes the beauty

house where he worships or the state where he resides or the way he spells his name or the color of his skin—until he has the right unquestioned and unrestrained to go in and cast his ballot in every precinct in this country. I am not going to be satisfied."

"There are those who say: It has taken us a century to move this far, and it will take another hundred years to finish the job. Well, I am here to say to you tonight that I do not agree. Great social change tends to come rapidly in periods of intense activity and progress.



DR. KING & WIFE IN OSLO:
Nobel would understand.

of genuine brotherhood and peace is more precious than diamonds or silver or gold."

"I Do Not Agree." With equal determination and solemnity, his fists clenched, President Johnson leaned across a rostrum in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel and addressed some 400 civil rights and Negro leaders at a Community Action Assembly called by the National Urban League. "One of the Presidents I admire most signed the Emancipation Proclamation 100 years ago," he said. "But emancipation was a proclamation and was not a fact. It shall be my purpose, and it is my duty, to make it a fact." With that, his audience rose and flooded the hall with a torrent of applause.

"Until every qualified person," continued Johnson, "regardless of the

before the impulse slows. I believe we are in the midst of such a period of change.

"There are those who predict that the struggle for full equality in America will be marked by violence and hate; that it will tear at the fabric of our society. Well, for myself, I cannot claim

Toward that end, Johnson announced that he has appointed Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey to coordinate all federal activities in the civil rights field, including those of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, the Civil Rights Commission, the President's Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing, the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, and the Community Relations Service.

—Faced by Norway's Crown Prince Harald (left) and King Olav V.

to see so clearly into that future. I just do not agree. I know that racial feelings flow from many deep and resistant sources in our history, in the pattern of our lives and in the nature of man. But I believe there are other forces, that are stronger because they are armed with truth, which will bring us toward our goal in peace. There are our commitments to morality and to justice, which are written in our laws and, more importantly, nourished in the hearts of our people. These commitments, carried forward by men of good will in every part of this land, will lead this nation toward the great and necessary fulfillment of American freedom. In this way, our peoples will once again prove equal to the ideals and the values on which our beloved nation rests."

from Texas. Johnson was in fine fettle. Before toasting the Queen, he introduced nearly everyone at the table: "Our own beloved Chief Justice Warren. The Vice President-elect, Mr. Humphrey. The next chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate—if the Republicans come to power—Mr. Hickenlooper. Our own Secretary of State, Dean Rusk. Our Secretary of Defense, Bob McNamara. Our Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Douglas Dillon. One of the great leaders of our time, the former Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. Mr. Lewis Douglas, former Ambassador to Great Britain. Now Lew, you stand up a little longer. There are some girls down here who didn't get to see you . . ."

Wilson congratulated Johnson on his

MLF: this reasoning goes. West Germany might eventually demand its own nuclear force: De Gaulle's incipient *force de frappe* is enough of a NATO headache.

But Wilson stood firm on British insistence that an MLF must be broader than the U.S. proposal for a fleet of 25 ships armed with nuclear missiles and manned by crews of mixed nationality. He suggested that Britain might commit its entire nuclear deterrent, including V-bombers and Polaris submarines, now abiding, to such a force. Johnson and his advisers received this suggestion with some interest.

The Prime Minister also softened his earlier denunciation of the surface fleet concept. He is not opposed to "mixed manning"; he only objects to "any proposals which recommend dropping the fundamental American veto" over the firing of nuclear weapons. Wilson's insistence on such a U.S. veto was meant to calm British fears that West Germany might get its finger on the nuclear trigger through MLF. Johnson assured him that the U.S. will retain its veto in any event.

Ends & Means

Always ready with a sharply focused view of U.S. foreign affairs—and the words to express it—is Dean Acheson, ex-Secretary of State and now a Johnson Administration troubleshooter. At Amherst College in Massachusetts last week Acheson gave his version of how to achieve an effective foreign policy. Excerpts:

"The righteous who seek to deduce foreign policy from ethical or moral principles are as misleading as the modern Machiavellis who would conduct our foreign relations without regard to them. What passes for ethical standards for governmental policies in foreign affairs is a collection of moralisms, maxims and slogans which neither help nor guide but only confuse decisions."

Used & Reused. "One of the most often invoked and delusive of these maxims is the so-called principle of self-determination. In the continuing dispute over Cyprus, it has been invoked by nearly all parties to the struggle to support whatever they were temporarily seeking to achieve—by all Cypriots to justify revolt against British rule, by Archbishop Makarios to support an independent government for the whole island, by Greek Cypriots as foundation for *enosis* with Greece, and by Turkish Cypriots for partition of the island and double *enosis*, union of one part with Greece and the other with Turkey."

Another set of moralisms and maxims crops up to bedevil discussion and decision about what is broadly called "foreign aid." A good deal of trouble comes from the anthropomorphic urge to regard nations as individuals and apply to our own national conduct vague maxims for individual conduct—for in-



THE PRESIDENT & THE PRIME MINISTER
Fears about the finger.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Into the Pool

Accompanied by a 23-man team of advisers, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson arrived in Washington last week for two days of intensive talks with Administration officials. This was his first visit to the U.S. since the elections, and it was occasioned by the effort to settle the problems of the nuclear multilateral-force idea proposed by the U.S. and so far embraced enthusiastically only by West Germany. Wilson wanted to "throw our proposals into the common pool of Western thought"—and Johnson wanted to hear him out.

"Stand Up, Lew." There were, of course, the social amenities. To a state dinner Lyndon invited a varied group including Dr. Benjamin Spock, everybody's baby doctor (who confided that he may picket the White House in protest against MLF), Dan Blocker, the wrapping "Hoss" of TV's *Benanza*, Mrs. Robert V. H. Duncan, president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and nine relatively unknown couples

"great victory" in the November election, and referring to his own narrow win, observed wryly: "It may be it we took the elections as seriously as you, we would have had a majority like yours. All I can say is, if the British people were free to express their votes in your election, your majority would have been even better than it was."

Unity & Sympathy. Partying aside, there still remained MLF. The two leaders hit it off so well in their private talks and in conferences with their advisers that Wilson declared elatedly that the talks were "completely successful" and that "there is a total identity of view between the U.S. Administration and ourselves" on how to approach other allies on nuclear issues.

Wilson and Johnson agreed that the main purpose of MLF, whatever its ultimate form, was to stem nuclear proliferation. I explained to Wilson: "The main emphasis has been on our determination to strengthen and unite the joint nuclear responsibilities of our partners and ourselves in such a way as to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons." Without

stance, the Golden Rule—even though in practice individuals rarely adopt it.

"But, you will say to me, at least one moral standard of right and wrong has been pretty well agreed to be applicable to foreign policy. Surely the opinion of the world has condemned the use and threat of force. Does this not give us firm ground on which to stand? Well, does it? Is it moral to deny ourselves the use of force in all circumstances, when our adversaries employ it, under handy excuses, whenever it seems useful to tip the scales of power against every value we think of as moral and as making life worth living?"

Where Ends Justify Means. "What, then, is the sound approach to questions of foreign policy? I suggest that it is what we might call the strategic approach—to consider various courses of action from the point of view of their bearing upon major objectives. If you object that is no different from saying that the end justifies the means, I must answer that in foreign affairs only the end can justify the means, that this is not to say that the end justifies any means or that some ends can justify anything.

"The end sought by our foreign policy, the purpose for which we carry on relations with foreign states, is to preserve and foster an environment in which free societies may exist and flourish. Our policies and actions must be tested by whether they contribute to or detract from achievement of this end."

CIVIL RIGHTS

Strategic Retreat

In September, one month after the bodies of three civil rights workers were found hidden beneath an earthen dam near Philadelphia, Miss., a Justice Department lawyer went before a federal grand jury to seek indictments against several suspects. Instead, the jury in-

dicted five Mississippians—among them Neshoba County Sheriff Lawrence Rainey and Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price—not for involvement in the triple murder but for violation of the civil rights of local Negroes. Whatever evidence the Justice Department offered in connection with the murder of the civil rights workers was apparently insufficient to convince the jury. The Justice Department lost—and the FBI went back to work.

Investigation teams were beefed up, and President Johnson announced that "substantial results can be expected in a very short time." Public pressure, from civil rights leaders and ordinary citizens alike, also mounted, while various circumstantial stories of how the crime had been committed got into print. The Department of Justice took its time in building a case with FBI evidence, but at last decided to move. Agents had already secured at least one confession—and enough other evidence, apparently, to warrant a round-up. And so early this month, the FBI arrested Rainey, Price and 19 other men on charges of complicity in the murders (EJL, Dec. 11).

Ice-Cold Evidence. The next step was merely routine: a preliminary hearing before a U.S. commissioner. In such a proceeding, the Government presents just enough evidence to show a prima-facie case against the defendants. This done, the commissioner normally continues the charges and the bonds against the accused, while a federal grand jury decides whether indictments should be brought.

Last week 19 Neshoba County defendants, trailed by 14 defense lawyers, marched into a courtroom in the Meridian, Miss., Federal Building for the preliminary hearing. Looking on was a curious collection of backland farmers in overalls, local Negroes, big-city Northern reporters and a few young civil rights workers—many of whom badly needed haircuts and a fresh change of clothes. The Justice Department lawyer was young (34), crew-cut Robert Owen. At the front of the room sat U.S. Commissioner Esther Carter, a middle-aged, Mississippi-born spinster.

Owen wasted no time introducing a bit of ice-cold evidence. His first witness was Henry Rask, 39, an FBI special agent from Atlanta. Rask said that during three days in November he had quizzed one of the accused, Horace Doyle Barnett, 25, a meat-truck driver who now lives in Cullen, La. "Did you obtain from him a signed confession?" Owen asked. Snapped Rask, "I did."

No sooner had Rask spoken than defense attorneys leaped up all around and objected that the agent's statement was only "hearsay." Miss Carter, who, like many U.S. commissioners, has no formal legal training, furrowed her brow, asked a question then said "I will have to sustain the objection of



COMMISSIONER CARTER
Objection sustained.

the defendant. I don't think it would be admissible."

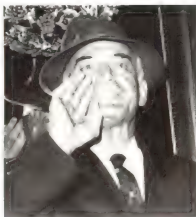
Dropped Charges. Owen was stunned. He argued that the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled hearsay evidence of this kind to be permissible in a preliminary hearing. "The issue," explained Owen patiently, "is not whether there should be an indictment. The issue before the commissioner is whether or not there is a probability that a crime has been committed and that these people committed it." Miss Carter held firm.

Owen asked for a lunch break, put in a phone call to Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach in Washington, then returned to the courtroom and made a strategic—and temporary—surrender. "In view of the fact that we feel the ruling is wrong," said Owen to Commissioner Carter, "we will simply not produce any more evidence on any of the cases." With that, Miss Carter dismissed the charges and freed the defendants.

The logic behind the Government's backdown was clear enough: federal attorneys did not want to reveal any more of their painstakingly gathered evidence at the hearings because it would only help defense attorneys plan their strategy for the trial. Thus, while Government lawyers agreed to let the charges be dropped against all 21 men, they just as quickly announced that they would ask that a federal grand jury be convened "as soon as possible" to hear all of the evidence against the accused—in secret sessions without defense attorneys listening in.



BARNETT
Confession claimed.



GOLDWATER



BURCH

"We don't want to see blood dropped."

REPUBLICANS

Clearing the Underbrush

Dean Burch, a mild-mannered and button-down-nerd attorney from Tucson, was plucked out of anonymity in July and appointed by Barry Goldwater to be national chairman of the Republican Party. During the campaign he scarcely gained any prominence. But once Barry's devastating election loss struck home, Burch, 37, suddenly became the G.O.P.'s *casse célèbre* for the year—the shoot-him-down target of Republican moderates and the rallying point for right-wingers.

Both Goldwater and Burch realized that the moderates' demands for the chairman's resignation reflected, to a great extent, their desire for vengeance against Goldwater himself (because he carried so many moderates down to defeat). Burch refused to quit, and Barry remained loyal. Looking for influential support, Goldwater asked for a meeting with two other former G.O.P. presidential candidates, Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon.

To the Summit, Barry arrived at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria one afternoon last week. In tow was Burch, who waited across the hall from the summit suite "in case I'm needed." He was not. Ike and Nixon tried to convince Goldwater that he would only further damage the party if he insisted on trying to control the G.O.P. through Burch's stewardship as chairman. "Barry," said Ike, "you'll be a bigger man if you recognize the situation."

As Nixon described the talks later: "We agreed that Mr. Burch, as a professional national chairman, had done an efficient and effective job. We also agreed that in an off-presidential election year [1966], and with no man in the White House to back him, the national chairman must have the broad support of the party. We feel, and Senator Goldwater agrees, the national chairman must have this broad support—not unanimity, but a majority of one is not enough." Ike's version: "We all agreed that there has to be some clearing away of the underbrush to make

it possible through a democratic process to widen the core of the party and of the leadership."

Eisenhower and Nixon may have succeeded in making Goldwater see the light, but he still had his own views on the situation. He told reporters: "We feel unity can be reached by both sides giving in on this. We don't want to see blood dropped on the ground."

Demand for Change. But Burch's blood seemed ready for shedding. In an effort to save himself, he arranged a session with Michigan's Governor George Romney last week, pleaded for support in his cause. After the meeting, he said sadly: "I didn't get any encouragement." Later in the week, Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton declared flatly: "Whether he is a conservative or a liberal or a moderate or a right-handed fiddle player, the national chairman must step down, because that's the only way we can begin to say to Americans that we truly want to become a broad-based majority party."

Indeed, the demand for change was in the wind throughout the party. A meeting of House Republicans scheduled for this week could well result in the displacement of House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, 64, a symbol of conservatism and aging leadership.

In that potentially violent environment of change and challenge, Dean Burch's refusal to step down has now reached absurdly tempestuous proportions. Moderates have begun to realize that if the out-Burch campaign gets out of hand, the result might alienate G.O.P. conservatives—perhaps even precipitate a third-party movement. Thus, the moderates were hoping that Burch might be eased out with a minimum of fuss and a minimum of bruised conservative feelings.

Time to Withdraw. That could be accomplished next month when the 132-member National Committee meets in Chicago. A key item on the agenda will be a vote of confidence for the chairman, and, as of last week, a weighty majority of members were ready to vote no. Indeed, right now seemed to be a fine time for the young lawyer from

Tucson to make a strategic withdrawal and allow his party to settle peaceably on a chairman who stands for more than one faction of the Party.

Once the mechanics of Burch's departure are accomplished, the G.O.P. can begin again to focus on the infinitely more meaningful task of finding a man who can reflect the realities of presidential success. One measure of that success, as the last three Presidents of the U.S.—Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson—have shown, is the ability to speak out more or less like a liberal and then, once elected, to act more or less like a conservative. With a leader like that, the Republican Party can once again become strong enough to enter a campaign with confidence.

INVESTIGATIONS

Off Again

The off-again, on-again Bobby Baker hearings before the Senate Rules Committee were off again. Democratic Committee Chairman Everett Jordan, who had stayed off further Baker sessions through Election Day, adjourned the committee again—this time until Congress reconvenes next month.

So far, about all Jordan has proved is that he will never be any great shakes as a Senate investigator. In hearings only last week, Jordan actually forgot that he was chairman of the committee, cleared his throat and began: "Er, Mr. Chairman..." A further example of general ineptness came when the committee tried to pursue the charge that Democratic Wheelhorse, Matt McCloskey had indirectly made a \$35,000 payoff to Baker. They put McCloskey's auditor on the stand, only to discover that they had the wrong auditor.

About the best Jordan could offer was a committee decision to call to the stand Walter Jenkins, who resigned as a top White House aide last October after his arrest on a morals charge. He would be called, said Jordan, "at an appropriate time." At the moment Jenkins was playing golf in Puerto Rico.

AGRICULTURE

The Farm "Fix"

Hardly had the November election ballots been counted before Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman began crowing. "Not since the Roosevelt landslide of 1936 has a Democratic candidate received such an overwhelming endorsement in rural America!" he cried. Farm-state votes, Freeman said, gave Lyndon Johnson a "mandate" for continuation of the Kennedy-Johnson farm policies. So rosy were things down on the farm, in Orville's view, that he even began to feel perky about his own job, long the bitterest plum in the U.S. Cabinet. Said he in a recent speech at West Point, noting that he would soon begin his fifth year as Secretary: "That tenure, of course, is not a record; yet you don't exactly find five-year Secretaries of Agriculture hanging from trees."

Peasants. Perhaps not, but last week the president of the U.S.'s biggest farmer organization, the 1,647,455-member American Farm Bureau Federation, in effect told Orville that hanging was too good for him.

"Attempts to interpret the results of the election as an endorsement of further Government intervention in agriculture are inaccurate and misleading," declared Charles Shuman, "Farmers," he said, "were influenced by the same overriding issues that affected the voting decisions of other citizens," namely, "peace and prosperity."

While that statement drew enthusiastic applause from the 5,000 delegates to the Bureau's annual convention in Philadelphia, Shuman raised the roof with his hardest-hitting attack yet on the role of Government in agriculture. "No self-respecting farmer wants to become a member of a permanently subsidized peasantry," he stormed, but "farmers already are far down the road in their dependence on Government payments for their livelihood." Just how far, Shuman made plain. Nearly 20% of this year's \$12 billion in net farm income, or about \$2.1 billion, he said, came in the form of direct payments from the federal treasury. For Shuman's money, this places farmers "in the role of beggars beseeching politicians for an annual handout."

Pushers. Shuman felt, moreover, that the Government was making hopheads of the farmers as well. "I think Government payments have something in common with the narcotics habit," he said. "Once on the habit, the victim becomes convinced he cannot live without the drug. In the jargon of the underworld, he's hooked. He'll do most anything to get his next fix, his next check. The pushers, in this case the Government bureaucrats and committees, constantly work to get more farmers hooked and dependent on payments." The upshot, Shuman said, "is very simple: the more that are hooked, the more the payments are, the more assurance of [bureaucrats], jobs and the perpetuation of the machine in power. It's a sad, sad commentary on the present situation. Well, that's the way of socialism."

THE INAUGURATION

The Man in the Business Suit

F.D.R. is remembered for his navy blue cape. Eisenhower for his Hornburg, and Kennedy for the jaunty way he carried the top hat that he really didn't want to wear. Lyndon Johnson wants to be remembered as the man in the business suit. In a break with prevailing custom, the White House announced that Johnson will attend the Inauguration wearing "an Oxford grey suit, black shoes and a tedor."

Johnson's decision took Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey by surprise. Assuming that Johnson would wear the traditional cutaway, Hubert had already dropped by to see Wash-

ington Tailor Sam Seogna and get measured for the full-dress attire. Sam, forgetting that only spoils rush in where tailors fear to tread, told everybody that the Vice President-elect was his customer for an inaugural outfit. Next thing Humphrey heard was a report that Tailor Sam was making a \$175 cutaway for him. Making? cried Humphrey. I'm only renting one—for \$12.50!

It took some time to get the misunderstanding straightened out, and the affair ruffled the Vice President-elect's usual good humor. Humphrey: "No. 1, it was a rental. No. 2, he just lost a good customer. No. 3, I'll even quit renting from him if the man can't keep his mouth shut. I've rented from Sam Seogna five or eight years. So have my sons. So has my staff. I've sent him

THE 1964 ELECTION: OFFICIAL RETURNS

This week the U.S. Electoral College convened in Washington, made the Nov. 3 presidential election outcome official by casting 486 electoral votes for Lyndon Johnson, 52 votes for Barry Goldwater. Official returns, as reported last week by the Associated Press, showed that Johnson won by a record 43,126,218 votes. He got 61% of the total, also a record. An all-time high of 70,621,479 Americans voted as follows:

	Total Vote	Johnson	%	Goldwater	%
Alabama	689,817			479,085	69.5
Alaska	47,259	44,329	65.9	22,930	34.1
Arizona	480,703	237,765	49.5	242,536	50.4
Arkansas	560,424	334,197	59.6	243,264	43.4
California	7,050,985	4,171,877	59.2	2,879,108	40.8
Colorado	772,749	476,024	61.6	296,725	38.4
Connecticut	1,218,578	826,269	67.8	390,996	32.1
Delaware	201,394	122,704	60.9	78,093	38.8
D.C.	198,597	169,796	85.5	28,801	14.5
Florida	1,854,481	948,540	51.1	905,941	48.9
Georgia	1,139,157	522,557	45.9	616,600	54.1
Hawaii	507,271	163,209	32.2	344,062	67.8
Idaho	292,477	149,920	51.3	142,557	48.7
Illinois	4,702,779	2,796,833	59.5	1,905,946	40.5
Indiana	2,091,606	1,170,848	56.0	911,118	43.6
Iowa	1,184,539	733,030	61.9	449,148	37.9
Kansas	857,901	464,028	54.1	386,579	45.1
Kentucky	1,046,132	669,659	64.0	372,977	35.7
Louisiana	896,293	387,068	43.2	509,225	56.8
Maine	1,116,407	730,912	65.5	385,495	34.5
Massachusetts	2,344,798	1,786,422	76.2	558,727	23.8
Michigan	3,203,102	2,136,615	66.7	1,066,487	33.1
Minnesota	1,554,462	991,117	63.8	559,624	36.0
Mississippi	409,038	52,591	12.9	356,447	87.1
Missouri	1,817,879	1,164,344	64.0	653,535	36.0
Montana	278,628	164,246	58.9	113,032	40.6
Nebraska	584,154	307,307	52.6	276,847	47.4
Nevada	138,433	79,339	56.6	59,094	41.4
New Hampshire	286,094	182,005	63.6	104,029	36.4
New Jersey	2,946,770	1,867,671	63.4	1,079,099	36.6
New Mexico	327,647	194,017	59.2	133,630	40.8
New York	7,166,015	4,913,156	68.6	2,243,559	31.3
North Carolina	1,424,983	819,139	56.2	604,844	43.8
North Dakota	258,389	149,784	58.0	108,207	41.9
Ohio	3,969,196	2,498,331	62.9	1,470,865	37.1
Oklahoma	932,499	519,834	55.7	412,665	44.3
Oregon	783,796	501,017	63.9	282,779	36.1
Pennsylvania	4,818,668	3,130,228	65.0	1,678,892	34.7
Rhode Island	390,078	335,463	85.9	54,615	14.1
South Carolina	254,748	215,700	84.7	39,048	15.3
South Dakota	293,118	163,010	55.6	130,108	44.4
Tennessee	1,144,046	635,047	55.5	508,965	44.5
Texas	2,626,811	1,663,185	63.3	958,566	36.5
Utah	400,310	219,628	54.9	180,682	45.1
Vermont	163,065	108,127	66.3	54,942	33.7
Virginia	1,062,267	558,038	52.5	481,334	45.2
Washington	1,258,374	779,699	62.0	478,675	37.9
West Virginia	792,040	598,087	75.6	193,953	24.4
Wisconsin	1,691,215	1,050,424	62.1	638,495	37.7
Wyoming	142,716	80,718	56.5	61,998	43.5
TOTAL	70,621,479	43,126,218	61.0	27,174,898	38.5

The Alabama ballot listed no Democratic electors; pledged to Johnson. Alabama cast 210,712 votes for unpledged Democratic electors; had those votes been for Johnson instead, only 109,631 out of the total 70.6 million votes cast for President would have gone to minor party candidates, marking a low for third parties in this century. As it turned out, third-party candidates polled only .5% of the Nov. 3 total.

a lot of business over the years, and he's just lost all of it."

Sam was saddened. He tried to explain that he was no longer in the rental business and that Humphrey just had not realized it. He was really very fond of Hubert, he insisted. In fact, said Sam gently, "I wouldn't rent a suit to the Vice President. I'd want him to have a new one."

CALIFORNIA

Au Revoir, Pierre

Winding up one of the shortest U.S. Senate careers in history, California's defeated Democratic Senator Pierre Salinger last week announced his resignation, effective Dec. 31. He will take a job as vice president of Beverly Hills' National General Corp., a highly diversified company that operates movie houses in 16 states, deals in real estate and concert talent, and packages candied fruit. Quipped Salinger, 39: "I may be the youngest living ex-Senator in history."

Salinger also disclosed that California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown had promised to appoint Republican Senator-elect George Murphy, who beat Pierre in the Nov. 3 election, to fill Salinger's vacancy. That would give Murphy a lead in seniority over his first-term Senate colleagues.

DEFENSE

Another Step for Efficiency

The closing of 95 military installations last month was only one step in Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's plan to streamline and modernize the nation's armed forces. Last week the efficiency-minded Secretary took another giant step: he put the ax to one of the Army's most sacred cows, one that

is especially beloved by politicians who like to sport stars and eagles on short summer-training tours.

McNamara ordered disbanding of the Army's Organized Reserve, a collection of 19 divisions and 4,000 smaller units with 300,000 officers and men. Roughly half of the Reserve force will be assimilated into the National Guard, receive new equipment and tougher training. The remainder will be placed in an unassigned stand-by reserve force. McNamara's reasoning: the training and equipment of the Reserve divisions were so inferior that it would probably have required one year after full mobilization to bring them to combat readiness—far too long for the Pentagon's war plans. The National Guard will also undergo drastic surgery. 15 of its divisions will be disbanded. But the transfer of the Reserve to the National Guard will increase Guard strength to 550,000 officers and men in eight ready-to-go divisions and 16 brigades. Through the consolidation, McNamara expects to save \$150 million per year.

In further measures aimed at tightening the military establishment, McNamara ordered:

- A halt to overseas junketing by members of Congress at military invitation. The latest examples were a tour this month by six Senators and Congressmen to the Pacific, courtesy of the Air Force, and a Navy-sponsored European trip for seven Congressmen. Snapped McNamara: "That will be the last of those trips!" From now on, all such junkets must be okayed personally by the Defense Secretary.

- Transfer of key Government and congressional personnel from mobilization-ready military units to the stand-by reserve. This avoids the prospect that important officials and members of Congress might be marched off



McNAMARA

No more military junkets.

to camp when they would be needed in Washington. The order spells almost certain extinction for Capitol Hill's famed 999th Air Reserve Squadron, commanded by Major General Barry Goldwater.

- Creation of a central Department of Defense Contract Audit Agency to consolidate the contracting functions of all three services into one office under the DOD comptroller.

- Appointment of a senior military attaché in each U.S. embassy abroad to coordinate attaché activities and to report intelligence findings directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, not to their respective services. Says McNamara, "I guarantee our intelligence will be better."

McNamara's decision meant the striking of the colors of many of the most famous and decorated divisions in the National Guard and Army Reserve, probably including the 32nd "Red Arrow" (TIM, Oct. 13, 1961), the 77th "Statue of Liberty," the 83rd "Thunderbolt" and the 90th "Tough Oldies." McNamara put a stop to an old Army practice of awarding Reserve commissions to newly elected members of Congress. Said he: "We shall not tolerate traffic in commissions." More than anything, the decisions signaled a definite increase in the power of the Department of Defense, moving the U.S. military establishment close to the single-service concept.

Predictably, McNamara's moves brought barks of protest. The Reserve Officers' Association wired President Johnson, demanding that the plans be delayed until "fuller investigation can be made." Louisiana Democrat F. Edward Hebert, chairman of the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Reserve and National Guard Affairs, threatened to hold public hearings. But the figures were clearly on McNamara's side. So too was President Johnson, who agrees with his Defense Secretary that efficiency, not political considerations, should dictate defense policy.



REEDSBURG, WIS., NATIONAL GUARD

No traffic in commissions.

THE WORLD

COLD WAR

Those Do-It-Yourself Spontaneous Riots

First come the sign painters, serious little men with paintpots and newly issued brushes, their lips moving soundlessly with the memorized slogans: "Yankee go Home" or "Down with the Neocolonialists and Imperialists" or sometimes, when Britain is involved along with the U.S., "Bugger off, Brit!" Proficient only in the local language, be it Egyptian or Swahili, Russian or Malay, the painters are under considerable pressure. After all, if the epithet they must letter neatly on the embassy wall comes out in misspelled English, it will look bad for their country's image in the news photos published abroad.

Next come the marchers, swinging along with mob gaiety and waving their xenophobic standards at the white faces in the embassy window. Then up roars the jeerleader—often a government information ministry man in a sound truck. The next arrival is apt to be a riot truck, probably provided—though for different purposes—by U.S. AID funds, its sides marked with the agency's symbol of clasped hands. Out come the carefully collected stores of cobblestones, brick halves and rocks. And then the fun begins: curses and shattered glass, bonfires and blazing automobiles, looted snack bars, shredded books, perhaps even an American woman to kick.

Letting Off Steam. The name of this activity is "demo"—standing not for democracy but for demonstration. That, at least, is what it is called by the U.S. embassy personnel who are its

most frequent victims. It is played in "nonaligned" and Communist capitals whenever the U.S. or its allies take a tough stand anywhere in the world. Supposedly a "spontaneous" expression of outrage on the part of freedom-loving or newly emerged peoples, the demo is actually a carefully prepared propaganda device, and sometimes a safety valve through which shaky potentates can let off the steam of an uneasy citizenry. As Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk said after a mob of students and agitators tore up the U.S. and British embassies in Phnompenh last spring: "The riots were inexcusable but comprehensible. They translated the legitimate exasperation of Cambodian youth before the repeated humiliations inflicted on their country by the Anglo-Saxon powers." Of course the riots were comprehensible. Sihanouk had organized them.

Last week demo was the sport in Indonesia, where for the second time in as many weeks a fun-loving mob—egged on by the nation's powerful Communist Party—ravaged a United States Information Service library, ostensibly in protest against the joint U.S.-Belgian rescue mission in the Congo. In Surabaya more than 1,000 jolly Javanese burst into the U.S. Cultural Center, tore down the American flag, smashed furniture, ripped up many of the library's expensive technical and scientific books, and burned it all in a roaring, heartwarming bonfire. Three days earlier, another carefully organized mob had looted the USIS library in Djakarta, destroying a quarter of the books on hand and shredding the American flag. Smashing up an embassy

brings a higher score, but USIS installations are easier to get at: unlike embassies, they are in downtown areas, unprotected by Marines, and usually have large, rock-inviting windows.

Less Lament Flame. In the past month, similar rioting has been visited on U.S., Belgian and British embassies in Egypt, Kenya, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia and Russia. Like any international sport, the anti-embassy demo has a fixed corpus of ground rules. In non-aligned countries receiving U.S. aid, demonstrators (usually members of the local Communist Youth League) must be assembled some distance from the target to make it harder for Central Intelligence agents to photograph the leaders. Mob leaders should be persons who have been given U.S. State Department "leader grants" to visit the U.S., because the embassy may be too embarrassed to identify them later.

Some mob leaders like to play a special subgame within the demo itself, called "spot the CIA man." This is not too difficult, since Central Intelligence agents are usually conspicuous through their very inconspicuousness. They wheel up quietly in black station wagons, speak softly into their walkie-talkies, and tail the mob at a discreet distance. On the whole, CIA men may not be roughed up, since that might draw too strong a response from Washington. The U.S. can only hope that there are also many agents who are not identified.

In any game as diffuse as demo, ab-



DIJAKARTA COP INSPECTING WRECKED CULTURAL CENTER



INDONESIAN PULLING DOWN FLAG

Smashing an embassy scores higher than roughing up the CIA.

surditities are bound to occur. In Tanganyika, a recent anti-U.S. parade was led by a brass band that, having been trained by U.S. missionaries, could play only one tune: *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. A prime target in any demo is the ambassador's car. In some riot-prone countries, U.S. ambassadors often ask for Checker limousines, since they are steel-lined throughout and the low-octane fuel they use burns with a less flamboyant flame.

Also Beer Bottles. Missiles employed in the demo vary. When hundreds of Kenyans demonstrated last month in Nairobi against the Congo rescue mission, they concocted their Molotov cocktails in empty Tusker beer bottles. In Eastern Europe, where cobblestones are plentiful, ammunition is usually available in the street outside the embassy under attack. Inkwells are also readily available to students of most democracy nations—particularly where the

ballpoint pen has not yet taken over. Often the ink comes in varied colors, producing interesting red, blue and green abstract murals—and in Communist countries, where else can modern art be seen?

For arson, there is usually an ample supply of gasoline available from government sources. When the British embassy in Jakarta was destroyed last year, trucks pulled up with 2½-gallon tins that were passed out to the students, many of whom had coolies along to tote the tins for them. The rioters also carried printed schedules that listed the addresses of all embassy personnel, and they systematically ransacked the houses as well.

Killing Reason. In the not too distant past, any one of these incidents might have drawn U.S. Marines or British gunboats. But in today's world, the Western powers simply pick up the pieces and protest verbally. The tab for

damages is often picked up later by the governments that incited the riots—both the Russians and the Indonesians last week agreed to pay. And even after Cairo mobs set fire to a U.S. library, the Egyptian government was still blithely asking for more American food to feed its people—and may very well get it.

If the whole thing often has the aspect of a sport it is really a lot more serious than that. The destruction of U.S.-provided libraries—in places where scientific and technical books are in extremely short supply—is a calculated act of educational self-mutilation on the part of the governments involved. As U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk said angrily last week: "Resort to riot and violence against foreign missions strikes at the heart of the system of diplomatic intercourse. Book burning is a direct affront to knowledge and a denial of the long, slow progress of mankind."

THE U.S. & EUROPE: THE WAITING GAME

THE vision was there when the smoke of World War II lifted. As early as 1946, Winston Churchill gave it breath in summoning the Old World to "make a kind of United States of Europe." In 1947, the Marshall Plan began to give it bone and sinew. In 1950, with the Schuman Plan to pool the Continent's coal-and-steel resources, it began to stir. It envisioned nothing less than a prosperous united Europe athwart one Atlantic littoral, allied with the U.S. on the other side—two giants whose joint democratic and humane stand for freedom everywhere would be more than a match for Communism.

Though the dream is far from dead, it has seldom been more obscure and entangled in controversy than this week as the foreign ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization gather in the great A-shaped building in Paris at the head of Avenue Foch. The U.S. and France seem set on a direct collision course that threatens to wreck NATO. The ostensible object of the trouble is the U.S. proposal to create a multilateral nuclear force of 25 Polaris-missile surface ships—although MLE does not even formally appear on the ministerial agenda. In fact, the malaise goes to the very core of Atlantic relationships, and how they have changed since the vision was born.

The Original NATO. Created in the wake of Communist coups in Eastern Europe and the Berlin blockade in 1949, NATO was originally designed to defend Western Europe against a Soviet invasion. With a joint-command structure headed by a U.S. general, NATO was to have some 50 divisions assigned to it full-time. Today it has only 26, ten of them German, even though nearly all the national armies and navies of Western Europe are " earmarked" for NATO's use in case of war. At the time of NATO's founding, the U.S. was the only effective nuclear power in the world; Europe was still economically prostrate. NATO gave Western European nations a needed sense of military security and, perhaps most important, strengthened their political stand against domestic Communism.

As the Continent began to revive, the U.S. sponsored the European Defense Community, envisioning a common multinational European army. The French vetoed it, but out of its ashes came the Common Market and the resurrected German army. Apart from Western Europe's economic renaissance, perhaps the most significant change has been in its attitude toward the Soviet Union, particularly since the Cuban missile crisis, when the Russians dramatically backed

down. This confirmed what most Europeans had long come to count on: that a Soviet invasion need no longer be feared, and that at any rate it could be deterred only by nuclear power. NATO seemed to lose its *raison d'être*, except insofar as U.S. troops stationed on the Continent provided hostages to misfortune—to ensure an American nuclear response just in case the Soviets did after all attack.

As the U.S. sought possible countermeasures to Russian aggression in Europe other than nuclear Armageddon, Washington kept pressing for more conventional forces and began talking about a "graduated response." De Gaulle cited this as proof that the U.S. would not defend Europe unless the U.S. itself was attacked. So France pushed ahead with its own little atomic program—after all, argued De Gaulle jealously, Britain had its nuclear force too.

With that the U.S. began a new search for a way to share the bomb with Europe—even though Washington remained convinced at heart that the bomb was unsharable.

Enter MLE. Is the sharing really necessary? Quite a number of Europeans would gladly leave their nuclear defense in U.S. hands, and this probably includes a majority of Britons, possibly even of Frenchmen. But in a larger sense, De Gaulle is right in saying that Europe cannot be truly independent unless it can somehow be master of its own life-and-death decisions. MLE is frankly designed to give its members—particularly the Germans—a semblance of participation and control, while retaining for the U.S. the ultimate say on whether or not to push the nuclear button on the ships.

To most military men, MLE has a distressingly gimmicky air. Apart from its vulnerability to attack, there seems something innately absurd about two dozen ships with international crews and a lethal cargo cruising the seas like so many nuclear Flying Dutchmen. The U.S. replies that there is simply no way to set up a land-based deterrent on the Continent with international participation.

De Gaulle sneered at the whole idea—until it suddenly came close to reality when German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and President Johnson signed the "Texas Communiqué" last June to set up MLE by the end of this year. The U.S. hoped that other NATO nations would join as well, but few showed any interest in the expensive (\$4 to \$6 billion) project that would add nothing essential to the U.S. nuclear shield over Europe anyway. Britain's Tory government was among the least interested.

UNITED NATIONS

Who Are the Racists?

A crowd of delegates and officials spilled over into the press section and public galleries: ambassadors stood three-deep around the horseshoe table. Never had the chamber been so packed, and seldom had its mood been so ugly. The U.N. Security Council was debating the Congo.

In a flurry of indignation, 18 African states, plus Cambodia, Indonesia, Afghanistan and Yugoslavia, had called on the Council to condemn Congolese Premier Moïse Tshombe and his Western allies for last month's U.S.-Belgian rescue operations at Stanleyville. Tshombe's representatives countered by charging that Algeria, Ghana, Egypt and the Sudan were aiding the rebel "government" of Christophe Gbenye.

It would have been easier to make allowances for the Africans so recently

emerged from colonial rule if only they had said even one word in condemnation of rebel savagery. But no. Shrugging off the humanitarian aspect of the paratroop drop, they raged on and on about imperialist intervention. "The white is untouchable," sneered Brazzaville Congo's foreign minister. "A white, especially if his name is Carlson, is worth thousands of blacks." Guinea's representative charged that white mercenaries had "massacred hundreds and hundreds of defenseless Congolese" without a murmur from the West, because "their skins were black like those assassinated in Mississippi."

Painfully Close. That was too much for Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, one of the U.N.'s founding fathers. With quiet force, he told the Council that such talk was "painfully close to that type of racist feeling which has been so heatedly denounced" by the Africans themselves.



FOREIGN MINISTER SPAAK AT U.N.
With contempt for the guilty.

MLF Reconsidered. When Harold Wilson's Labor government took over two months ago, he saw a revised MLF as a means of getting rid of Britain's own expensive nuclear deterrent (largely aging V-Bombers plus three to five Polaris submarines being built). The move might satisfy Labor's strongly antinuclear left wing, save much needed money, and retain Britain's traditional balance-of-power role in European affairs—particularly attractive since Germany was on the verge of replacing Britain in its "special relationship" to the U.S. Last week in Washington, Wilson tried to persuade Johnson to enlarge the MLF concept by including all the British hardware and renaming the whole thing the Atlantic Nuclear Force. Wilson came away with at least a license to try it on the Germans.

Charles de Gaulle wants no part of MLF, whether it be the compact U.S. or larger British model. He threatens to pull out of both NATO and the Franco-German Treaty if Bonn fails his litmus test for European loyalty. Said a senior French diplomat last week: "If Germany joins MLF in whatever version, she will have left Europe. And Europe therefore will not exist. Then, without a Europe, how can there be a partnership between Europe and America?"

The trouble is that De Gaulle does not say what he means by "Europe"—except that in some mystical way it is identical with France and must stay away from "Atlantic" orientation.

The Ties That Bind. Bonn sees in the U.S. its only outside hope for some day persuading the Russians to permit the reunification of the German nation. London, shut out of European integration, is caught in a financial crisis that only dollar backing can help solve. France, alone of Europe's Big Three, has neither external nor internal troubles requiring the special aid of the U.S., thus can hold out for considerable independence. But Paris frankly acknowledges that, despite the incipient French atomic force, it will be dependent for years to come on the American nuclear arsenal for real protection. As one of De Gaulle's top ministers blandly explained last week, the U.S. is expected to keep its forces in Europe and its nuclear bombs ready—without being allowed to interfere in European affairs.

In a sense, the question comes down to a matter of trust. Many Europeans simply do not wholly trust the U.S. to defend them under all foreseeable circumstances, particularly a decade or two hence, when it may be disastrously involved in Latin America, Asia or Africa. And De Gaulle argues that the U.S. has always been "late" in entering European wars: yet the U.S. can reply with equal distrust that

virtually since Waterloo, France has been gravely wanting as a resolute military power. The U.S. must look to a France after De Gaulle, with a large Communist vote and the political chaos of the Fourth Republic conceivably revived.

In essence, U.S. ambitions for Europe are still contradictory. Washington has plugged for a united Europe since World War II, but certainly not a Europe without Britain, and perhaps not—now that the U.S. has tasted Gaullist policy—a Europe wholly independent and able to go its own way as a super power in world affairs. The U.S. wants Europe to take a greater share in defending itself, but at the same time the U.S. does not want any proliferation of nuclear weapons. In particular, the U.S. would like to satisfy German ambitions for a share in nuclear armaments, but somehow without in fact permitting the Germans actually to have any—since that would endanger dealings with Moscow and frighten Germany's neighbors.

The Ultimate Goal. MLF is a frail vessel for carrying such a multitude of problems. In itself, MLF is not likely to solve the much larger problems between the Old and New Worlds. But if the U.S. as its stubborn champion had made it part of a truly comprehensive and inspiring plan for a future united European force, it would have meant more—and would have deflated De Gaulle's vague talk about "creating Europe." In a sense, both the U.S. and France are wrong in the current controversy, paradoxically not because their policies are so different but because they are so similar. France says that there cannot be a true European nuclear force until there is European unity; in the meantime, De Gaulle expects the rest of Europe to rely on France. The U.S. says the same, and in the meantime expects Europe to rely on the U.S. Only Gaullist delusions of grandeur could suggest that reliance on the U.S. is not safer than reliance on France. But the common fault is that both Washington and Paris slight the ultimate goal of European unity while accusing each other of blocking it.

De Gaulle is convinced that if he waits long enough the Americans will disengage themselves from Europe, proving him right and thrusting the rest of Europe into French arms. The U.S. is convinced that if it waits long enough De Gaulle will pass from the scene, and France will then accept some version of MLF and, for a long time at least, the U.S. nuclear veto. Both the U.S. and Paris are thus waiting each other out and in the process avoiding the real issue. For in the long run, neither French arms nor American arms will suffice if the vision is to be realized and the European nation created complete and whole.

"There is no such thing as a guilty race," said Spaak. "There have only been misguided men and contemptible men. Hitler was a contemptible man, and I regret to say Ghenye is a contemptible man."

Spaak branded as a lie the charge that the rescuers had discriminated in favor of whites and reported that of the estimated 2,000 evacuated, more than 600 were Congolese and Indians—and evacuation of Congolese had been halted at Leopoldville's own request. The real danger to peace, said Spaak, lay not in the Congo action, but in the radical Africans' "scarcely dissimulated will to separate Africa from Europe and even perhaps to pit the black man against the white."

For the Home Folks. In the General Assembly, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko dutifully echoed the African charges, along with the customary catalogue of Russian threats and promises, including a demand that the U.S. abandon its proposed multilateral nuclear force and an offer of a NATO-Tron Curtain nonaggression pact. The Assembly was still operating under its moratorium on voting—self-imposed to avert a showdown over Russia's peace-keeping arrears. And there was quite an interruption when, to protest the appearance of Castro-Communist Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, a Cuban exile fired a bazooka shell at the U.N. Secretariat building (see THE HEMISPHERE). But nothing could keep the Assembly from pursuing its primary purpose—talk.

Listed to speak were no fewer than two Presidents, three Prime Ministers, three Deputy Prime Ministers and 83 Foreign Ministers. One by one, in speeches as much for the home folks as for the Assembly, they poured out their national hopes and fears, grievances and ambitions. The Philippines laid claim to a large chunk of Malaysia; Argentina demanded that the British give back the Falkland Islands; and Ireland, thumbing its nose at Britain, said the U.N. was "our best hope for the reunification of the Irish nation."

Free Men. The nations praised their own governments, or pointed proudly to their "unique geographic location," or complained about the world market for their products, or decried the spread of nuclear weapons. Israel and four Arab nations accused each other of aggression; Greece accused Turkey of "inhuman conduct" in Cyprus; Laos accused North Viet Nam of armed intervention; Thailand accused Cambodia of "connivance with certain aggressive forces," urged the U.N. to pay more attention to "the problems of regional peace." Said Thai Foreign Minister Thanai Khoman in one of the session's calmest speeches: "We have to live with these problems day and night, and have to devote every ounce of our energy and attention to them, for they have to do with our future life as free men and women, as well as that of the coming generations."



TSHOMBE ON WAY TO PAPAL AUDIENCE
Trial by crocodile?

THE CONGO

Needed: A Divine Force

A band of Simbas lay in ambush along the road leading into Poko, a small missionary town in the rebel redoubt of the upper Congo. Through "the jungle telephone," an advancing column of white mercenaries learned of the trap, cut through the bush and entered the town from the rear. As their skirmish line entered Poko, the whites were surprised to see the Simbas rush toward them jubilantly, their right arms raised in the rebel salute and shouting the rebel yell of "Moi Mulele!" It did not take the mercenaries long to realize that the Simbas took them for Russians, come to fight on their side. The Simbas' disappointment was short-lived: the mercenaries gunned them down to a man.

But help was indeed on its way to the Congo's rebels—and some of it from Russia.

Rebel Airlift. Last week into Khartoum, capital of the Sudan, winged planeboard after planeboard of arms and ammunition bound for the Congo from Ghana, Algeria and Egypt. Scarcely hung thick as a cloud of Sudanese flies around the British-built Comets and Russian turboprop AN-12s as they transhipped their cargoes to smaller aircraft. Although the Sudanese government cynically claimed that the tarpaulin-covered crates carried nothing more dangerous than "medical supplies," they must have been the world's heaviest handbags.

After transfer at Khartoum, the guns were flown on to Juba, capital of Sudan's Equatoria province, then loaded onto captured trucks and Land-Rovers for a journeying ride over jungle tracks to the Congo border 150 miles away. With them, said Washington, went at least 40 Algerians, presumably military advisers to Rebel President Christophe Ghenye's wild-eyed warriors. Sensing a chance to make a few easy points with

African leaders, Moscow announced that it would replenish any supplies that had been sent to the rebels. Moreover, Algiers' Boufarik airbase was aswarm with Russian technicians and aviators, many of whom no doubt were flying the Juba run, since Algerian pilots have not yet had time to check out in the Soviet-built AN-12s.

Peace Is Something Else. The rebels were also getting help in the United Nations (see above). Congolese Premier Moise Tshombe himself stayed away—largely at the urging of the U.S., which did not want the U.N. debate complicated further by Tshombe's presence, which would inevitably antagonize the other Africans. Instead, Tshombe flew into Rome for a 20-minute audience with Pope Paul VI, was greeted by turbulent Red-led riots and rotten eggs. He had better luck in conversations with Italian officials and businessmen, who seemed ready to expand trade with the Congo. "The Congo will soon know peace," he predicted with his unquenchably optimistic grin. "But a durable peace cannot be achieved with arms alone. It needs a divine force. That is why I came to see the Pope and ask him to pray for our country."

The prayers he got, but peace is something else again in a war where cruelty is common to both sides. Last week thousands of Congolese suspected of rebel sympathies were herded into the Stanleyville stadium and tried "by acclamation." Those found guilty were taken to the Congo's banks and either shot or thrown in, to be eaten by crocodiles. But the Simbas still took the palm for bloodthirstiness. In one town they raped 19 nuns, including a 60-year-old Dutch sister, then hacked to death an American, Sister Marie Antoinette, before the others' eyes. In Isangi, six Belgians were devoured not by crocodiles but by cannibals.



RUSSIA

Consumers' Budget

It took just 30 seconds for the Supreme Soviet, Russia's most parliament, to dispose of the absent Deputy for the Moscow district of Kalinin. In two swift, silent shows of 1,400 hands, without a single dissent or abstention, the assembly in the Kremlin ratified Nikita Khrushchev's dismissal by the party Presidium last October as First Party Secretary and Premier. But except for a change in style, the Khrushchev spirit was very much present.

More Fanfare. His successor as Premier, Aleksei Kosygin, delivered the state-of-the-Soviet-Union speech in 80 minutes, unrelieved by Khrushchevian corn pone, invective or grandiloquence. He was brisk, businesslike, and in his remarks on foreign affairs, disappointingly predictable to Westerners looking for new departures under the new regime. He denounced the U.S. and Belgium for "intervention" in the Congo, promised Soviet aid in the event of "imperialist aggression" against North Viet Nam and Cuba. If the Western allies pressed ahead with M.I.F., he warned, the Warsaw Pact nations would be forced to "consult" on countermeasures. He gave the United Nations a passing plug as a valuable "international forum," but failed to mention whether the Kremlin intended to pay its U.N. bills.

Peaceful coexistence, Kosygin insisted, continues to be the policy of the Soviet Union. To prove it, he said, the Soviet Union plans to reduce its 1965 military budget by \$555 million—from this year's \$14.6 billion to \$14.1 billion. This was being done, claimed Kosygin, because the Kremlin had been told by Washington that the U.S. military budget for next year was being cut too. If there had been an informal deal between the U.S. and Russia, Washington denied it. The Soviet defense cuts did suggest that Russia's new regime is not particularly beholden to the military, but just how real the cutbacks will prove to be remains to be seen. A year ago, when Khrushchev reduced military spending with great fanfare, he conveniently raised outlays on "science" by precisely the same amount—and government-sponsored science these days usually means rocketry.

More Capital. Kosygin's chief news for the Russian people came in his presentation of a relatively sensible-sounding 1966 budget. It suggested that the new regime wants to go on with "goulash Communism"—but more efficiently, more evenhandedly and less flamboyantly than Khrushchev.

Kosygin announced increased emphasis on the production of consumer goods and construction of apartments. While the "metal eaters" of the steel industry are not to be stomped on as Khrushchev tried to do, metallurgy will get a smaller slice of capital outlays than consumer goods or food. The chemical

industry is due for a sizable share of capital, though it will not switch to making plastics for consumers with the abandon visualized by Khrushchev. Heavy industry in general, said Kosygin, will have to move into some consumer lines such as "refrigerators, washing machines and television sets."

The new leaders also intend to follow Khrushchev by continuing the move toward a more market-oriented economy, letting consumer demand rather than a bureaucrat's plan dictate product design and quantity. By next year, Kosygin reported, one-third of all consumer-goods plants will make the changeover. Some day the Russians may even be able to afford to be consumers: Kosygin got his loudest applause when



KOSYGIN ADDRESSING SUPREME SOVIET
Goulash without corn pone?

he unveiled a round of wage increases for next month.

More Mistakes. The debate following Kosygin's presentation was astonishingly frank. One delegate, to the manifest surprise of the leadership, even mentioned Khrushchev by name, accusing him of the mistake of not facing facts but "presenting the desired as reality"—otherwise known as wishful thinking. He then had the audacity to accuse Kosygin's budget of perpetuating some of the same "upsetting mistakes." Georgy Popov, Leningrad party boss, went even further and came flat out against the new regime's plan to return the control of heavy industry to Moscow direction from the local authority where Khrushchev had remanded it.

All this free speech was unprecedented in Supreme Soviet debates, and Kosygin himself seemed carried away, admitting that some of the criticism was valid. "Mistakes are made," he confessed, adding with masterful and no doubt unintentional understatement: "The structure of the apparatus is sometimes cumbersome."

YUGOSLAVIA

Staying in Power Without Turning Grey

If the deposed Nikita Khrushchev loomed over the outspoken Supreme Soviet meeting in Moscow, his lingering influence was felt even more strongly at the Yugoslav Communist Party Congress in Belgrade, where things were relatively frank too.

Addressing Yugoslav Communist delegates, as well as emissaries from most non-Peking parties abroad, Marshal Josip Broz Tito praised Nikita by name for his destalinization, his promotion of "freedom of expression," and for improving Soviet-Yugoslav relations. This part of Tito's speech never saw the light of day in Russia—frankness can go only so far.

Western reporters in Belgrade were surprised to be admitted to all sessions of the Congress, which had never happened before. They felt, perhaps ungratefully, that the occasion left something to be desired—there was simply nothing to compare to the famed "Sex Congress" of 1952, when one delegate took the rostrum to accuse another of having stolen his wife's affections.

Tito evidently felt confident enough to renew his attacks on the Chinese Reds, even if Moscow has tempered its own: the Chinese, he sneered, had overestimated "their role in the world," and he condemned their "persistent efforts to discredit the policy of peaceful and active coexistence." Tito also sounded relatively secure in dealing with domestic matters, including the age-old feuds among Yugoslavia's many nationalities, which Tito has greatly subdued but not eradicated. Though claiming that "we are among the first countries in the world in rate of economic growth," Tito admitted to inadequate labor productivity and poor administration, although he dodged mentioning the falling value of the Yugoslav dinar, which in three years has gone from 750 to the dollar to 1,000.

He lamented the unruly behavior of the young and their restlessness under Communism, warned that "broader and more frequent distinctions are developing between intellectual and working class youth." Tito was also obviously interested in getting new blood into his government. In the party's most sweeping change to date, the Central Committee was expanded from 135 to 155 members, and 71 new men were appointed, bringing the average committee age down to 15 years from 52.

Despite his 72 years, Tito himself looked remarkably fit, and his hair, doubtless with the help of his barber, still showed scarcely any grey. He betrayed his age only by taking a 45-minute recess, midway in his three-hour speech; in the old days, Tito could go on for hours without getting winded. Later, at a press conference, he smilingly knocked down rumors that he was planning to retire.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Fighting the Reds & the Bonzes

From the swamps of the Mekong Delta in the south to the North Vietnamese border, the Viet Cong launched one of their hottest offensives of the war. But even as more Vietnamese and American soldiers died in the unending nightmare struggle against the Communist guerrillas (nine deaths last week raised U.S. killed to 331), South Viet Nam's Buddhists announced their firm determination to destroy what little stability remains in the country.

More Aid. Often fighting against great odds, government troops gave an uncommonly plucky account of themselves. In the Camau Peninsula, they lured an elite, 700-man Viet Cong battalion into a trap, killed 115 Reds with a loss of only 27 government dead. Elsewhere in the south the situation worsened considerably, and even the mountain resort area of Dalat, popular as a site for government crisis huddles, is now Communist-infested. Throughout the country, not a day went by without a Communist attack of battalion size or larger. The Reds have scored their most alarming gains in the central provinces, as evidenced by last week's biggest clash: the battle of An Lao.

Nestled in a valley like a miniature Dienbienphu, the government strongpoint was attacked one night when hundreds of Viet Cong overran its two 4.2-mm. mortars, isolated on a nearby commanding hill. In a bitter three-day fight, the Reds virtually wiped out An Lao's 100 defenders. The attackers finally withdrew before air power and 1,000 counterattacking government troops, but there was concern over the capture of An Lao's guns—heaviest mortars the Reds have seized to date.

Back in Saigon after consultations in Washington, U.S. Ambassador General Maxwell Taylor brought word of yet another step-up in U.S. assistance. There were the usual provisions for beefing up South Viet Nam's ground and air forces, plus increased economic aid (current total U.S. contribution: \$700 million a year). Reportedly, Taylor now had the authority to support air strikes against Viet Cong supply lines at his discretion. But Taylor made clear that first some political stability must be visible in Saigon. Again the Buddhists (TIME cover, Dec. 11) reminded everybody how dim the prospects seem.

Monks' Ultimatum. Following two days of meetings, yellow-robed monks handed out mimeographed copies of what amounted to a declaration of war against Premier Tran Van Huong's six-week-old government, which suppressed Buddhist riots three weeks ago. Drafted by the Buddhists' top two political bosses, Thich Tri Quang and Thich Tam Chau, the letter branded Huong's regime "execrable," threatened a nationwide campaign of "nonviolent nonco-

operation" unless "this government of betrayal" is dissolved.

In another letter to Ambassador Taylor, the Buddhists hinted that unless the U.S. withdraws its support from Huong—as it did last year from President Ngo Dinh Diem—Buddhists may be turned against Americans. Pointedly the Buddhists warned Taylor: "We affirm that you are responsible, before both the American and Vietnamese peoples, for the existence of the Huong government." Whereupon Chau, Quang and the Buddhists' nominal religious head, Thich Tinh Khiet, announced a 48-hour weekend hunger strike, urging Buddhists to join them in round-the-clock prayer sessions. From Darlac province came an offer of candidates for flaming Buddhist suicides.



QUEEN POOK
A gold cup for forgetting.

THAILAND

Beauty's Comeback

The softest, roundest and loveliest of Thais is a girl named Abhisa Hongskul, 17, who goes by the nickname of "Pook"—which in Siamese means soft, round and lovely. That at least was the decision in Bangkok last week where Pook was proclaimed Miss Thailand at 1964. Drums rolled, bugles blared, balloons soared madly into a velvet sky, and the commanding general of Thailand's First Army announced in martial tones the winner of the coveted gold cup. But the exuberant Bangkok crowds were cheering much more than a one-time drum major who packs 116 lbs. into a 35-22-35 frame, punctuated by a pair of eyes that outglimmer the Emerald Buddha. For Pook's crowning marked a watershed in the painful process of forgetting Thailand's late Dictator Sarit Thanarat.

Sarit loved lovely women more than the rarest jade or the whitest elephant. For all that, no beauty contests were

permitted during his rule, and as a result, his country had not named a Miss Thailand in ten years. The reason was simple: before he took power, Field Marshal Sarit had pursued beauty-contest winners with the same zeal he later applied to Communists. Embarrassed by Sarit's extraterritorial demands, the government simply banned the contests, and when Sarit seized government control through a military coup in 1957, he decided it would look better if the ban stayed in force. This did not keep him from personally conducting a kind of unofficial and continuing beauty contest, with himself as the prize—a distinction won, according to latest count, by at least 100 young women.

Now, with everyone gradually calming down about the revelations of Sarit's equally acquisitive financial dealings (TIME, July 17), his successor, avuncular General Thanom Kittikachorn, felt free to revive the competitions. The choice of the new Miss Thailand was almost painfully pure, with a member of the royal family sitting on the jury and each contestant's moral background under scrutiny—several girls of dubious vocation were hurriedly disqualified.

Premier Thanom also eased another Sarit repression: out of Lardvao Prison came 15 Thai journalists who had been jailed for far-left political sympathies. Thanom can afford to be confident. Thailand today is Southeast Asia's stablest country, both politically and economically. A "constituent assembly" is currently drafting a new constitution, and Thanom is planning to hold parliamentary elections some time next year to set up a new civilian regime. Whatever the election outcome, to most Thais the voting will be an anticlimax after the election of Pook.

KENYA

Uhuru to Jamhuri—with Concern

Independence celebrations are as common in Africa as bananas, but last week Kenya outdid itself with its second in a year. For all practical purposes, the former British colony gained independence last year, but to facilitate administrative changeovers, Britain retained symbolic sovereignty by making Kenya a dominion. Last week saw the progression from mere *uhuru* (freedom) to *jamhuri* (republic). Though Kenya remains a member of the Commonwealth, Jomo Kenyatta, who had been Prime Minister, duly changed his title to President, replacing Queen Elizabeth as head of state.

At Nairobi Airport, the last British combat troops—80 in all—slowly marched through ranks of the native Third Kenya Rifles to the strains of *And Land Swye*, then were whisked away aboard an R.A.F. transport. That mid-night, before 50,000 in a Nairobi stadium, Kenyatta's new presidential standard was unfurled—crossed spears superimposed on a tribal shield, flanked by a crowing cock.

Visible Disappointments. The celebrations in Nairobi featured a marathon run by Ethiopia's Olympic Winner Abebe Bikila, feathered tribal dancers, and Guinea's *Ballets Africains*, which offered only one disappointment—the girls wore brassieres. For all the festive folderol, Kenyans were less than delirious—they are waiting for the lam in *lumhuri*. A year of independence has brought more problems than prosperity. Kenyatta remains one of Black Africa's more responsible statesmen, and he retains some ties with the West—in one case literally: Kenya's latest postage stamp shows Jomo wearing his old school tie, that of the London School of Economics.

But recently Kenyatta joined other African states in criticizing the U.S.-Belgian rescue operation in the Congo, welcomed Congolese rebel leaders to last week's ceremonies, during which he dedicated a Communist-financed "Lumumba Institute" that will train government party officials in "socialism and patriotism." Also present: a large Red Chinese delegation, which will stay on for trade talks. There are reports that planeloads of Kenyan "students," trained in subversion in Russia and Red China, have debarked secretly at Nairobi Airport.

O.O. Problems. Almost certainly the man behind increasing leftist intrigue is "Mr. Double O"—Oginga Odinga, formerly Kenyatta's Home Minister, who wound up as Vice President in Kenyatta's new Cabinet, a post that theoretically limits his powers but in the eyes of most Kenyans makes him heir to Kenyatta. Odinga is a well-entrenched leader of Kenyatta's KANU Party, which is now the only one in Parliament after the country "voluntarily" turned itself into a one-party state; he regularly visits Peking, and he receives Russian and Red Chinese financial support. Perhaps only tough, able and reasonable Tom Mboya, 34, who became Minister for Economic Planning and Development in the new government, may end up in a position to stop Odinga from succeeding Kenyatta. The question matters because Kenyatta admits to 74—but has been 74 for a long time.

ZAMBIA

Horsemanship

As statues go, Lusaka's bronze monument to Empire Builder Cecil Rhodes is pretty front-of-the-horse. It weighs seven tons, stands only slightly larger than life size and, with somewhat oxidized symbolism, depicts Rhodes as a naked Apollo, riding fearlessly onward astride a magnificent prancing stallion. Donated to the city four years ago by the Rhodes-founded British South Africa Co., the statue soon became the object of all self-respecting Zambians' hatred.

For one thing, the horse's rump was turned disdainfully on the Ministry of Finance building. More important, as

far as Zambians were concerned, it was a monument not so much to Rhodes as to the despised Sir Godfrey Huggins, who, as Prime Minister of the now disbanded Central African Federation, had offered an ill-considered definition of the ideal relationship between Africa's blacks and whites. The two races, Sir Godfrey had said in 1954, should work together like a horse and rider—the whites of course being in the saddle and the blacks under it.

Last week, less than two months after Zambia had gained its independence, the Lusaka city council banned the statue. In a secret vote, it gave it back to the British South Africa Co., which will transfer it to Southern Rhodesia—whose white government is still in a position to guarantee that the two races work together as horse and rider.



DAME EDITH

A lifelong pose of distinction.

GREAT BRITAIN

Friend to Peacocks

As she was completing her autobiography last April, Dame Edith Sitwell was asked how she felt. "Dying, but apart from that I'm all right," she replied. A little later, she remarked that as a Roman Catholic (she became a convert in 1955), "I know I ought not to dread death, but I am so conceited that I simply cannot imagine how the world would get on without me." In London's St. Thomas Hospital last week, at 77, Edith Sitwell died of a heart attack, thus putting the world to rest.

Pale Glimmer. The world will miss her as a poet, critic, biographer, social lioness, defender of art, warrior against Philistia. But above all, it will miss her as a great English eccentric. She was 6 ft. tall, with a haunted, Gothic face framed by wrinkles and toques; her long, narrow hands glimmered palely against brocade and velvet gowns. It at times she seemed to have created a lifelong pose for herself, it was a graceful pose of uncommon distinction. "I

don't whine," she once said. "That's why everybody thinks I am enormously rich and have a heavenly time."

Sacheverell Sitwell wrote of his sister: "Her love is poetry, she lives within a phrase." Yet she could desert poetry for a decade to nurse her friend and former governess through a long and fatal illness. She admired and championed fellow poets, but seldom the women they married. In her opinion, "The wives of poets should be selected by a committee of other poets." Even worse than poets' wives were critics. She once wired the *Spectator* that a certain reviewer should, at her expense, be stuffed and put in a glass case. Another critic was coldly rebuffed for a belittling reference made 28 years before.

Kings' Blood. Dame Edith was forever conscious that in her veins ran the blood of Robert Bruce and Maebeth, the Kings of France and the Plantagenets of England. Her family had held land near their pinnacled grey-stone house at Remshaw since 1301. She had a miserable childhood, for her Victorian father disapproved of everything, from her friendship with a peacock to the shape of her nose, which he tried to alter with an iron clamp.

She escaped to London just before World War I, and, with the help of her gifted brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, soon established a salon in her attic apartment. Her verse ranged from the once avant-garde fun of *Fuade* to social comment in *Gold Coast Customs* and religious visions in her late work. Poetry, she thought, "springs from the essential nature of things," and she sought essential things in nature, as with her lines:

those bright birds flock;

the butterbump, the urban

Ranee stark, the turkey-cock.

(Red poladin in a turban)

The crane who talks through his larynx

now

The plump and foolish quail

Badgered Moon. More memorable,

perhaps, than her poems were her occasional comments on life and thumbnail descriptions. Condemning the modern age, she remarked: "We have to pay these enormous taxes to send mice up to budget the moon." D. H. Lawrence, she said, "had a rather matted, dark appearance as if he had just returned from spending an uncomfortable night in a very dark cave." On a Hollywood visit she met and liked Marilyn Monroe, who "wasn't nearly as sexy as men like to imagine. She was a sad, sad, lonely girl. She would have made a wonderful Ophelia."

Indirectly, Dame Edith also contributed a thumbnail sketch of herself in her book *English Eccentrics*, in which she attributed her subjects' (and perhaps her own) eccentricity to "that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation."



CHE LEAVING UNITED NATIONS
In Havana, a fight for keeps.

CUBA

Hot Enemies & Cool Friends

The United Nations suddenly had a brand-new trouble spot on its hands last week—the United Nations. In the U.N. Plaza on Manhattan's East Side, massed pickets, brandished placards (INVADE CUBA NOW!) and jeered at Communist-bloc delegates. A knife-toting woman tried to claw her way inside. Three demonstrators shinned up a flagpole and hauled down the Soviet flag. A backfiring truck threw cops into a panic. At the climax of the demonstration, an explosion—a real one—resounded on the water side of the sleek, glass-skinned building as a 9-lb. shell splashed into the East River just 200 yds. away. In a weed-strewn lot on the opposite bank, 900 yds. away, police later found a 3.5-in. Army bazooka, still aimed at the U.N., with a Cuban flag taped on the barrel.

The show was mounted by Cuban exiles against Che Guevara, Fidel Castro's Minister of Industries. Che, in burnished black boots and fresh green fatigues, had flown in to denounce the U.S. before the General Assembly for everything from "aggression" in Southeast Asia to Americans' "sexual exhibitionism" at the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo. Undeterred by the ruckus outside, Guevara ranted on and on, perhaps in hope of distracting world attention from the troubles back home.

Too Successful. In the past nine months, Castro's regime has been torn by an ugly power struggle between Cuba's old-line, Moscow-oriented Communists and the unorthodox Fidelistas, whom they deride as "adventurers." In recent months, four Moscow wingers have been sacked by Fidelistas from high government posts, while more than 70 army officers have been jailed on charges ranging from treason to conspiring to assassinate Castro.

Early this month, the director of Cuba's failing cattle industry decided to

THE HEMISPHERE

get out while the getting was good, and scheduled a buying trip to Canada, where he defected. (The official insists that Soviet intermediate-range ballistic missiles are still around in Cuba, though Washington denies it.)

Last week Radio Havana flashed the news that Labor Minister Augusto Martínez Sánchez was critically ill with a self-inflicted gunshot wound. The communiqué reported that Martínez had been fired the previous day for "serious administrative errors," added piously that his suicide attempt was "unjustifiable and improper," since a revolutionary must not "deprive his cause of a life that does not belong to him."

Even if Martínez Sánchez had not attempted suicide—or, as rumor had it, been shot during a scuffle in the presidential palace—his summary dismissal from office would have been dramatic enough. A protégé of Raul Castro, Fidel's brother, he fought at their side in the Sierra Maestra hills, became Defense Minister in Fidel's first Cabinet, was named Acting Prime Minister when the Maximum Leader came to New York in May 1959. That October, Martínez was named Labor Minister and assigned the task of purging Cuba's strongly anti-Communist union leadership. He succeeded too well. For, though Martínez himself subscribed to Fidel's messianic Communism, he allowed militant, old-line party regulars to take over the labor movement—and he paid the price.

"Enormous Needs." Another problem for Fidel is that some of his best friends are losing patience. Old Chum Nikita Khrushchev was growing cool; Russia's new leaders seem even more coldly disposed. In recent months Che

and Cuba's President, Osvaldo Dorticós, have both visited Moscow without extracting a new trade agreement from the Kremlin. Yet another top Cuban official was trying to negotiate a trade pact last week. Castro is worried about selling his sugar crop, which this year is expected to total some 4,200,000 tons, 10% more than Cuba harvested in 1963 but still far below the pre-Castro average of 5,000,000 tons. With world sugar prices at 2.8¢ a pound, Russia is understandably reluctant to buy Castro's crop at the agreed-on price of 6¢.

Castro's speeches are filled with scalding condemnation of "idiot" farm managers, citizens who "demand very much and give very little," the "tremendous lack of initiative and analysis," workers who sabotage equipment. Plaintively, he admits the nation's "enormous need for housing, for more shoes, more meat, more fish, more food, more clothing." According to a current job in Havana, "it will take 20 years for Communism in Cuba to get us back where we were under capitalism in 1959." On to 1984.

THE ALIANZA

Guarded Optimism

Long after the *Alianza para el Progreso* was launched in 1961, many Latin American governments clung to the convenient belief that it was just another U.S. giveaway project. "It seemed well-meaning," as one top Latino puts it, "but rather utopian and probably futile." Now, at last, that view seems to have changed. Last week, as diplomats and economists from a score of nations gathered in the Peruvian capital of Lima for the third annual full-dress review of the Alianza, there was encouraging evidence that most Latin American nations now accept its goals and are working to achieve them. Said Colombia's Carlos Sanz de Santamaría, astute chairman of the Alianza's key planning committee: "We have made great strides in stating our problems



BAZOOKA AIMED AT U.N.

In Manhattan, a shell for show and a specious speech.



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and in diagnosing them—and we are making a start at solving them.”

The problems are as monumental as ever. Galloping population growth threatens to wipe out the hemisphere's slim, hard-won gains in housing, education, health, and food production. In many countries, inflation seems incurable. As always, Latin economies desperately need foreign investment capital. But for all their frustrations, the Latin American nations succeeded this year for the first time in meeting the *Alianza's* goal of an overall 3% per capita product growth rate. Latin American export earnings rose 8%. And paced by the U.S., which has already invested \$3.7 billion in the *Alianza*, there has been a notable increase in foreign aid to the member nations.

More important perhaps than any statistical balance sheet was what seemed to be a new awareness of what the *Alianza* can and should be. As Brazil's Minister of Planning Roberto Campos observed: “Neither our fate nor our salvation are in the stars. They are within us ourselves.” By meeting's end, nearly everyone shared a new, if guarded sense of optimism about the *Alianza's* prospects. As Thomas Mann, U.S. Under Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, pointed out, “The *Alianza* has given us a growing awareness of the social and economic problems we all face, a better understanding of what makes the world go round.”

The most straightforward summation of all came from Ecuador's Finance Minister Alberto Quevedo. Said he: “More and more, we Latins are prepared to give in to demands for social justice. A peaceful revolution like the one propounded by the *Alianza* means that we may lose a good share of our privileges. A violent revolution will certainly mean the total loss of all that we have and cherish.”

BRITISH GUIANA

Cheddi's Last Stand

Land Rovers prowled the streets, bristling with British tommyies and submachine guns. Army helicopters whirled overhead. Military radios crackled back and forth. It was election day in British Guiana, and Her Majesty's government in Whitehall was determined to ensure the peaceful elections that seemed to be the colony's only hope of ending its three-year reign of racial violence. But—not for the first time—hope for stability in British Guiana was thwarted by Marxist Premier Cheddi Jagan.

The election was specifically designed to oust Jagan, whose People's Progressive Party is overwhelmingly supported by Guiana's 295,000 East Indians. To guard against a repetition of the 1961 election, when Jagan won a parliamentary majority with only 42.6% of the vote, the government introduced a system of proportional representation under which he would have had to win a clear majority to return to power. Since no other party is willing to join a Jagan

government, the British hoped that the election would result in a coalition headed by Attorney Forbes Burnham, a moderate, pro-Western leader whose People's National Congress Party is backed by his 190,000 fellow Negroes.

Familiar Tale. To a certain point, the election went as planned. Jagan piled up only 45.8% of the vote; Burnham won 40.5% and stood ready to form a coalition with the third-running United Force Party (12%), headed by Portuguese Businessman Peter d'Aguiar. But then Cheddi simply refused to resign. “The election was fraudulent,” he announced. “The British government will have to force me out.” Unimpressed, the governor formally appointed Burnham Prime Minister.

It was a familiar tale. Jagan, a den-

avowed friend of the U.S.—and needs to be, since the backward colony desperately needs U.S. aid.

Above all, Burnham is determined to damp down racial hatreds. “Every case of hooliganism will be ruthlessly dealt with,” he vows. “We will not condone violence.” Nonetheless, the colony may well be in for more violence before Jagan goes back to dentistry.

ARGENTINA

The Unwelcome Mat

Spain's General Francisco Franco allowed Argentina's General Juan Domingo Perón to settle in Madrid five years ago with only one condition: the ousted South American strongman was not to engage in politics. Perón



JAGAN



BURNHAM

Clinging to power with a solid minority.

turned demagogue, founded the P.P.P. in 1950 with his Chicago-born, sometime-Communist wife Janet, and won the colony's first general elections in 1953. Jagan's intemperate demands for independence and deliberately incited sugar strikes forced the British to hoot him out after five months. Ever since his return to power three years ago, Jagan has gone out of his way to foment racial passions. When last week's elections were announced in October 1963, his answer was to send his sugar workers out on a savage strike that lasted six months and took 173 lives before 5,000 troops restored order.

Bedtime Reading. By contrast with the P.P.P.'s racist election propaganda, Burnham's campaign focused on such needs as public works projects and agricultural reform. A silk-smooth speaker and one of his country's top criminal attorneys, Burnham earned a law degree with honors at London University, reads himself to sleep in English (“political novels”), French (Lamartine, Corneille), or Latin (Cicero, Tacitus, Catullus). Originally a co-founder of Jagan's P.P.P., Burnham soon soured on Cheddi's Marxist rantings and, fired by his own ambition, set up the anti-Communist P.N.C. in 1957. If his ideas today are sometimes vague, he is an

plunged forthwith into a career of remote-control intrigue that reached a ludicrous antilimax this month when a long-heralded attempt to return home ended in his being sent back to Spain from Rio. Last week Franco decreed that the Argentine would either have to sign a pledge within 30 days forswearing political activity or leave Spain.

Though reluctant to abandon his opulent villa near Madrid, Perón is expected to leave Spain as a matter of pride. Where will he go? Peronistas have suggested Switzerland, where he stashed some of his looted millions. Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, Algeria's Ben Bella, and Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba have sent him invitations, and Castro is cooing.

As for Perón's clutch of cronies, they were ordered to clear out of Spain pronto. Four of them did and ran smack into yet another fiasco at New York's Kennedy Airport, where they were promptly bucked back to Madrid because they lacked proper visas. At week's end, they tried a second time, with visas, and made it through to Asunción, the capital of friendly Paraguay. Diehard Peronistas in neighboring Argentina claimed that it was an advance party and that Perón might still work his way to Asunción.

PEOPLE

"I'll be back," he hallooed from the launch that whisked him off to federal pen on Washington's McNeil Island in 1962. Last week, 41 lbs. lighter, erstwhile Teamster Boss **Dave Beck** completed 30 months of his five-year term for faking tax returns and put-putted back to civilization. Obviously he had taken McNeil's Eng. Lit. course. "I have returned," pronounced Beck, who plans to indulge his old fancy for real estate and possibly write his memoirs to vindicate his minority view that he is "not guilty, and I hope that if what I'm saying is not the truth, my mother that died since I left, I hope she goes to hell and stays there into eternity." This side of eternity, Dave will draw a \$50,000 annual pension, courtesy of his ever-loving union.

When PT-109 was rammed by a Japanese destroyer, two members of Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy's crew lost their lives. The skipper wrote to relatives of both men, praising their heroism, and to the widow of Torpedoman Second Class **Jack Kirksey** Kennedy wrote four letters. "If a captain is fortunate," said the first, "he finds one man in his crew who contributes more than his share. Jack Kirksey was that man." Last week the letters brought \$9,500 in Manhattan, highest price yet paid at auction for a memento of the late President.

Midst laurels stood: **General Curtis LeMay**, 58, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff and World War II Bomber Command boss, whose B-29s helped devastate Japan, decorated with Japan's Order of the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun for his role in building up the country's postwar defenses; U.S. Steel Chairman **Roger Blough**, 60, given the New York City U.S.O.'s gold medal "as one who symbolizes the support of U.S.O. by major industries of America"; **Vinoba Bhave**, 69, Gandhian holy man

whose pilgrimages across India have netted 5,000,000 acres of "land for the landless," given a medal by President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan from Pope Paul VI; Sculptor **Alexander Calder**, 66, Critic **Malcolm Cowley**, 66, and Poet **Allen Tate**, 65, named to the American Academy of Arts and Letters; **John N. Heiskell**, 92, publisher of the Arkansas Gazette, winner of Arizona University's John Peter Zenger Award for his support of integration in the 1957 Little Rock controversy, which cost the Gazette \$2,000,000 in circulation and advertising revenues.

The coming-out party, marking the end of Jacqueline Kennedy's formal year of mourning, was to have been a



NORMAN THOMAS
Sounder off.

nonsense", called for a cease-fire in South Viet Nam, opened telegrams of congratulations from Hubert Humphrey and Earl Warren. Best reading of all was a birthday cheek for \$17,500, raised by the dwindling Socialist faithful. Thomas said he would divvy up the money among his favorite left-wing causes: "It won't last long, because every organization I'm connected with is going bankrupt."

Musicomedy Star **Barbra Streisand**, 22, is big for feather boas and faded satin negligees from the thrift shop. Funny girl. She also has a weakness for \$1,200 South American skunk furs, for man-tailored suits that she designs herself, and other Barbrous whatsits that make fashion's top camp followers whinny for joy. As a walking encyclopaedia of haute kook, she was nominated for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica's* 1964 *Book of the Year* by Fashion Consultant Eleanor Lambert, who called her the embodiment of "the nonconformist spirit." In Los Angeles, though, a courtier who calls himself Mr. Blackwell ungallantly volunteered that Streisand looks more like "an unsuccessful hitchhiker."

*What more to say, but that I dearly wait
Commanding Death's tense whisper
at the gate.*

So speaks a character in his latest collection of poems. But Death had better not try to gatecrash Britain's **John Masefield**, who at 86 has plenty more to say and intends to say it. In London to accept a \$7,000 prize from the National Book League, Britain's poet laureate (official salary: \$272 per annum) allowed in a tense shout: "I am still writing, and I hope to write better some day. At 86, some of the cobwebs have been knocked away, and the scene becomes grander. Much more majestic are those fables that await retelling."



JACKIE KENNEDY
Comer out.

hospital benefit with Hollywood glitterbugs. Instead, Jackie, 35, chose an occasion that in more than one way seemed closer to home. Escorted by U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, and dressed in a one-shouldered black crepe gown with an ermine jacket, she attended a U.N. concert commemorating the 16th anniversary of the adoption of its Declaration of Human Rights.

There was only one candle on the cake when U.S. Socialism's perennial Presidential Hopeful **Norman Thomas** celebrated his 80th birthday last week. So he had plenty of breath left to sound off for 2,000 admirers at Manhattan's Hotel Astor. Thomas, who campaigned for the Democrats last fall with the slogan "Most of the way with L.B.J.," blasted the Administration's anti-poverty program ("to talk of victory is



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Mr. E. A. goes for 20,000 feet at Alligator Point. Forty-five minutes by crew boat off Galveston Island in Texas, you come across a great submersible drilling rig that is boring down through sticky shale and high pressure gas pockets that make this one of the toughest oil drilling areas in the world. The rig, known as Mr. E. A. (the initials of the father of Bill Kilroy, owner of Kilroy Drilling & Production Company), is worth about \$2½ million. It's drilling an exploratory well for a major oil company at a cost of roughly \$3,000 a day. Total cost of the well may run over \$1 million, and chances are 9-out-of-10 that it will not be a producing well. It's the riskiest business in the world.

As they passed 8,000 feet, they were already drilling through gas pockets with 6,500 pounds pressure per square inch—enough to blow the drilling mud right out of the hole unless carefully controlled. (In one offshore rig, escaping gas washed the ocean floor right out from under the rig, and the entire unit, including the 140-foot derrick, disappeared from sight in 20 minutes.)

Even worse is the sticky, gummy shale they must drill through. The shale can "heave" and squeeze into the hole, seizing the drill pipe like a vise if the mud is not controlled. A typical string of drill pipe can cost \$150,000 and weigh 200 tons. If it's stuck, you try to get it out by yanking and jar-



ring it. This puts enormous strain on drill pipe.

For about twenty years, the standard drill pipe had been Grade "E," which was developed and introduced by United States Steel. Then, in 1961 after a decade of research, U. S. Steel introduced a totally new grade of drill pipe, a completely heat-treated, quenched and tempered alloy steel drill pipe known as S-135—80% stronger than the old standard "E" pipe. It is now revolutionizing the drilling of very deep wells.

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full turns or more before the rock bit at the bottom even begins to turn.

On the Mr. E. A., they switch to S-135 drill pipe at about 14,000 feet to give them the extra strength required to drill to greater depths and to be able to pull the drill pipe free from the sticky shale.

United States Steel was the first company to introduce: seamless drill pipe, the only acceptable kind; the first with Grade "D" drill pipe, then Grade "E" drill pipe, and S-135 drill pipe. USS introduced the first high strength well casing, Grade N-80.

It was first with heat-treated well casing, P-110; first with heat-treated alloy steel casing, V-150, which is literally the toughest well casing pipe you can buy. And U. S. Steel introduced a totally new thread design for casing and tubing called buttress thread, which nearly doubled the efficiency of the joints.

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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Second Thoughts on Obscenity

For judges faced with the problem of defining the "dim and uncertain" line between obscenity and constitutionally protected free expression, the Supreme Court has painfully worked out a combination of three tests:

- Whether the material is "utterly without redeeming social importance."
- Whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."
- Whether it also "goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor" to the point of "patent offensiveness."

Unfortunately, no two judges can be counted on to read the test results the same way. After judging John Cleland's 200-year-old *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, better known as *Fanny Hill*, the New York Court of Appeals recently cleared the all-time erotic bestseller on the ground of "literary value." Applying the same tests to the same book, courts in Rhode Island and Massachusetts banned it. Last week the banners were joined by New Jersey's Bergen County Superior Court Judge Morris Pashman, who found *Fanny* "sufficiently obscene to forfeit the protection of the First Amendment."

Fanny Hill's U.S. publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, had asked Judge Pashman to enjoin the county prosecutor

from blocking sale of the book in New Jersey under a law that bans distribution of "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy or indecent" material. The usual parade of witnesses—psychiatrists as well as literary critics—argued that *Fanny Hill* contained not a single four-letter word. But Judge Pashman was not impressed.

Though "sex is not synonymous with obscenity," he said, *Fanny Hill* makes it so. "Free rein," Judge Pashman added, "should not be given under the guise of constitutional guarantees to vividly depict perversions and sexual adventures as John Cleland saw fit 200 years ago. This is not the way to a better constitutional world; it is rather the path to decay and decline. The Constitution should not be the sword of the shameful profiteer of filth. It must be the shield to protect our sense of moral decency." Next testing station: the New Jersey Supreme Court, which will have to read *Fanny* all over.

THE SUPREME COURT

Strict Caution on Miscegenation

The door was wide open. When it ruled on the case of *McLaughlin v. Florida*, the Supreme Court could easily have ruled on the constitutionality of all miscegenation laws in the 19 states where they still exist. But strictly speaking, Connie Hoffman, who is a white woman, and Dewey McLaughlin, who is a Honduran hotel worker, had been convicted of only one form of miscegenation. They had violated a Florida law forbidding an unmarried couple of different races to "habitually live in and occupy in the nighttime



JUSTICE WHITE

Posponing the larger issue.

the same room." And the court, so often decried as a ruthless upholder of social customs, likes to speak strictly and cautiously on issues of sex and morality. It voided the Florida ban on interracial cohabitation, but it postponed the larger issue.

Race & Policy. Arrested in Miami in 1962, sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined \$150, Dewey and Connie appealed to the Florida Supreme Court. The trial judge, they pointed out, had specifically denied them the defense of common-law marriage, which Florida recognizes when contracted between persons of the same race. The judge did so on the grounds that Florida bans interracial marriage. The defendants argued that that law was unconstitutional, but the state's highest court, citing an 1883 Supreme Court decision upholding an Alabama law against interracial sexual relations (*Pace v. Alabama*), affirmed their conviction.

In the *Pace* case, the mere fact that white and Negro defendants received equal punishments was enough to convince the Supreme Court that Alabama had not violated the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment. But today's desegregation decisions have "swept away" *Pace's* idea of "equality," said Justice Byron White, speaking for the present court. They have made all racial classification by state laws "constitutionally suspect." To stand, the classification must now be totally reasonable. Race cannot be a relevant factor unless it is necessary to "the accomplishment of a permissible state policy." A state does have almost unlimited power to proscribe sexual offenses, said White. But Florida cannot be allowed to ban cohabitation between unmarried persons of different races—while permitting it between those of the same race.

Future Decision. Justice White's opinion left intact, for now, "what is claimed to be a valid ban on interracial mar-

A fourth, unofficial test involves "hard-core pornography," described by one expert as "an accumulation of increasingly erotic scenes with out distracting narrative passages."



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riage." Though concurring, Justice Potter Stewart sharply protested what he called the court's implication that such a law might be valid if the state could show "some overriding statutory purpose." Said Stewart: "I think it is simply not possible for a state law to be valid under our Constitution which makes the criminality of an act depend on the race of the actor." Although the majority stuck to the limits of the specific case before it, it seems likely that Stewart's views will be the court's when it finally faces up to the constitutionality of laws affecting interracial marriage.

Test for an Ancient Law

Twice before, Connecticut doctors had asked the Supreme Court to void the archaic law that bans the use of contraceptives in their state. In 1943, when one doctor said the law threatened his patients' lives, the court ruled against him because he failed to prove that it violated his own constitutional rights. In 1961, the court rejected another doctor's appeal for a declaratory judgment on the grounds that he presented an insufficient "controversy." Connecticut, the court told Yale's Dr. C. Lee Buxton, had never prosecuted anyone for violating the law and appeared unlikely to do so.

But the situation promptly changed, and last week the court indicated that Buxton has a case at last. Five months after the 1961 decision, police arrested Buxton and Mrs. Estelle Griswold, executive director of Connecticut's Planned Parenthood League. Fined \$100 apiece for dispensing contraceptives at a birth-control clinic in New Haven, the defendants lost their appeal in the state's highest court. Then they went back to remind the Supreme Court of Justice William O. Douglas' sharp dissent in the 1961 case. "The right of the doctor to advise his patients according to his best lights seems so obviously within First Amendment rights as to need no extended discussion."

Enacted in 1879, the law at issue says: "Any person who uses any drug, medicinal article or instrument for the purpose of preventing conception shall be fined not less than \$50 or imprisoned not less than 60 days nor more than one year, or be both fined and imprisoned." The law is obviously ignored and flouted by thousands every day, but doctors cringe at the penalty, which applies to them through the state's accessory law that makes a criminal out of "any person who assists, abets, counsels, causes, hires or commands" another to use contraceptives.

The birth-control statute rests on the power of every state to regulate public morals, and it has until now been stoutly supported by the Roman Catholic clergy, whose flock comprises 46% of Connecticut's population. Dr. Buxton

Though 29 states regulate birth-control devices and information, only Connecticut forbids the mere use of contraceptives.



APPELLANT BUXTON

An overriding medical interest?

and his colleagues argue an overriding interest: that the law threatens health and life.

Not only does the law violate the Fourth Amendment guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure, says Yale Law Professor Fowler Harper, but the fact that it does exist and can be enforced threatens the Ninth Amendment's implied right of privacy or what Harper calls "freedom from coerced marital conformity in the bedroom." Silly of all, says Harper, the law totally fails to attain its goal of "preventing licentious relations between unmarried persons, since the forbidden contraceptive devices may be obtained in practically all drugstores in the state."

LIBEL

Fallout from the Times

During his 1962 re-election campaign, Washington Democratic State Representative John Goldmark and his ex-Communist wife Sally were loudly labeled subversives by the weekly *Tonasket Tribune* and some local John Birchers. When Goldmark lost, he and his wife slapped a \$225,000 libel suit on five of their critics. Last winter the trial jury denied recovery to Sally, but awarded \$40,000 to Goldmark on the grounds that he was beaten by criticism that overreached the limits of fair comment (*TIME*, Jan. 31).

Last week the Goldmarks got a shock: Superior Court Judge Theodore Turner granted the defendants a new trial because "the case was submitted to the jury on a basis which the U.S. Supreme Court has declared is fundamentally wrong." Turner was referring to *New York Times Co. v. Sullivan*, a landmark decision holding that public officials can sue their critics only for a false statement "made with actual malice—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard for whether it was false or not."



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we feel there is not another quite
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the lack and set about to remedy it.

To speak of ourselves at McEwan:
earlier generations of our distillers came
by a certain individual process which
made an unusual whisky, unlike any
other. We have kept what they gave us,
departing not a whit from the old ways.
As to whether this is a virtue in us, you
must seek the answer, if you will, in
our product.

The way of our whisky

Ask us where our whisky starts its
individual course. Our maltman may
take you to the steepers or barley floors;
our brewer to the wooden washbacks;
our stillman to the spirit safe. But you
must come to Mannoeh Hill, a few miles
from our premises, within sight of the
North Sea, to find the earthy beginnings
of Chequers Scotch.



Peter Young, maltman, carries live
coals to ignite peat in the malt kilns.

Here the strange waters rise from
granite, flow wine-coloured over peat
mosses, and mark our first flavouring.
They find their way downward to Mill-
buries Loch and Whitewreath Spring and
go into our heart whisky.

Here also, on the high moors, we cut
our special dark peat. Dried and sea-
soned, it smolders in our malt kiln and
its fragrant reek dries the barley above.

A legacy of greatness

The distillery itself is a very old work.
Although certain improvements have
been made to its facilities, the latest of
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never been permitted to disturb the way
of the whisky. We are not sentimental-
ists about these things, but sensible men

who forbear to tamper with a legacy
which has brought us nothing but good.

Look in on the malting floors, as an
example. When our maltmen fling the
barley into the air to control germina-
tion, they still use the flat wooden
shovels of olden time so the tender
grains will not be bruised.

The heart whisky of Chequers

Distillery Manager MacKenzie will
tell you the crucial point is distillation.

Underneath our old copper stills are
hand-fed fires. When we are "on spir-
its," our stillman is on his mettle. The
heat of his fire regulates the speed at
which the pure spirit turns to vapour,
condenses in the copper worm, and
gushes into the spirit safe.

Extra hours of pains and patience
allow the whisky to come over only very
slowly, so impurities are left behind.
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whisky of Chequers.

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a spirit of a singular mellow softness.
Then, called forward at maturity, it
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blending and marrying with other ma-



Roderick MacKenzie, distillery manager,
holds a bottle of our product, Chequers.

ture great whiskies of Scotland, to stand
as the golden heart of our final product.

The output of Chequers is necessarily
small. Yet this whisky holds, we may
say, a not insignificant position amongst
favourite Scotch.

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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY

Brightness in the Air

(See Cover)

In a dazzle of diamonds and décolletage, with cinema stars, celebrities and just plain millionaires plentifully on hand, the growing edge of the U.S. population explosion—Los Angeles—welcomed the growing edge of another U.S. explosion—culture. The Pavilion, first and most important building in Los Angeles' new Music Center for the Performing Arts, was open at last, and the crowd that swarmed through Architect Welton Becket's tapered white col-

was clear that the Pavilion was a superb musical instrument. The Los Angeles Philharmonic's brilliant young (28) Indian conductor, Zubin Mehta, showed the acoustics off with one of Respighi's chiaroscuro set pieces called *Feste Romane*, whose chief virtue is that it includes the most delicate pianissimos as well as the most plangent brass. The sweeping gold acoustical canopy carried the sound, clear and unblurred, to the furthest seat. And when Violinist Jascha Heifetz joined the orchestra in Beethoven's *Concerto in D Major*, every member of the audience could feel himself the epicenter of the soaring sound.



OPENING NIGHT AT LOS ANGELES' MUSIC CENTER: HEIFETZ TAKES A BOW

For a unique city, a new visual axis.

umns on opening night last week was justifiably moved to civic pride.

The Grand Hall, with its honey-colored onyx walls, its massive chandeliers, and its two graceful balconies, was a masterful combination of warmth and tasteful luxury. Concertgoers mounted an elegant, cantilevered marble staircase that crossed a pool filled with white azulejos set in the lobby's floor, saw themselves multiplied into infinity in tall wall-size mirrors. Inside, in contrast to the sharp-edged angularities and cool-toned décor of Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, the Pavilion was cool and warm shades of gold, coral and beige. The unusual dimensions of the auditorium—wider and shorter than most—gave a sense of intimacy seldom felt in a major concert hall: 90% of the seats were within 105 ft. of the stage, and each had clear sight lines.

And there was delight for the ear as well as the eye: from the first bright sounds of Richard Strauss's *Fantasy*, it

Some purists felt the timbre of the auditorium to be more on the brilliant or hi-fi side, in contrast to the mellow tones of Europe's more ancient structures. But at intermission time, Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky turned to Jack Benny, sitting just beside him, and said, "Aren't the acoustics wonderful?"

Freighted Occasion. For everyone there—California's Governor Edmund G. Brown, Los Angeles Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, Cardinal McIntyre, the handsome women and active men sitting in the Founders Circle reserved for donors of \$25,000 or more—this was much more than a gala evening. The Music Center is in the heart of Los Angeles, at the center of the cloverleafs that have long been mockingly called the center of the city; thus it is both highly accessible and highly visible, giving Los Angeles a new visual axis, with the building handsomely anchoring the new mall that leads to City Hall. Moreover, the center is recognized as a milestone in the city's cultural aspirations. Imme-

diately after the opening number, Conductor Mehta turned to the audience and with some Indian ambiguity addressed himself to the occasion.

"This is the most unique city in the 20th century," he said. "I do not think it is too late now, in mid-century, to begin a new cultural life. This evening we are going to usher in a new era." When he turned to the star of the evening, he said, "I would like you all to join me in paying homage to the one person who is most of all responsible for the creation of this edifice. Unlike the princes of Florence and the Pharaohs of Egypt, she is a dignified, simple lady."

Dorothy Buffum Chandler sat shyly in her seat, in what has already been nicknamed "The Hook" section of the Founders Circle, while the applause rose around her. Only after four minutes, when her son Otis tugged her to her feet, did she rise and grin happily at the applauding audience. Her husband is Norman Chandler, whose Times Mirror Co. owns the Los Angeles Times, among other things. But the ovation was only her personal due. For "Buff" Chandler had conceived the idea for the Music Center, almost singlehandedly raised a staggering \$18.5 million to build it, and organized a company to float another \$13.7 million in bonds to finish the job. It was perhaps the most impressive display of virtuous money-raising and civic citizenship in the history of U.S. womanhood.

But Buff Chandler, though she enjoys plaudits as much as the next, is still well aware that she is only providing the means to a more important end. At the champagne supper afterward, there was toasting and talk about her money-raising prowess, about the opulent beauty of the Pavilion, about Los Angeles as a new center of culture that has passed Chicago and is getting ready to challenge New York. But it was Buff Chandler herself who went to the heart of the matter. "What is important here tonight," she said, "is not the fund raising or the building that we are in. The only really important thing here tonight is the music we heard performed. That will go on forever."

Steady Surge. Buff's Music Center is only the most visible symbol of the steady upsurge of interest in matters cultural in a city that has felt itself too long dismissed as an uncouth poor relation of San Francisco. Last season there were more than 500 performances of chamber music in the Los Angeles area, or some 20 a week. A typical weekend calendar this season lists 64 stage productions, 36 music performances, and 97 art shows. U.C.L.A. has launched an enormously successful extension program, which last year drew more than 300,000 Angelenos to the campus at night to attend lectures, dance recitals, concerts, plays and art films. The number of art galleries has doubled in the past ten years, and Los



LOS ANGELES MUSIC CENTER turned on all its elegance last week for opening night of the Pavilion, first of the center's three new hilltop buildings to be completed.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART MUSEUM, three loggia-connected buildings "floating" on a concrete slab atop the old La Brea tar bed, cost \$33.9 million, will open in April.







FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE in Los Angeles (left) listens as Zubin Mehta conducts opening selection beneath adjustable acoustical ceiling of curving gold. Above, intermission-time crowd promenades in Grand Hall, which opens onto a public bar and a private lounge for founders.



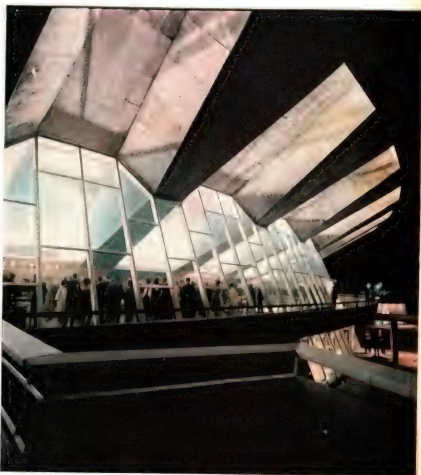
CAMPUS CENTERS are increasingly providing entire regions with a cultural heart. Monticello College's Hatheway Hall (above and left) gives both students and the populace around the south-western Illinois town of Godfrey a place to go for plays and concerts; adjoining wings contain gym and swimming pool.





PHOTOGRAPH BY SALTZMAN KUPPER

MULTIPURPOSE ARENA of the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, designed by Alumnus Max Abramovitz, is capped by the world's largest edge-supported concrete dome. Audience at right is attending a concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, but the stage can be quickly whisked away to make room for conventions, basketball games and hockey.







AN ARAB CAROUSEL, apparently inspired Architect Frank Lloyd Wright in 1957 when he and Arizona State University's late President Grady Gammage picked the site for an auditorium for the campus at Tempe. The \$2,800,000 hall envelops arriving concertgoers in overlapping circles; the auditorium seats 3,000 in long, wide-spaced arcs of seats unbroken by aisles, and was filled to capacity for the inaugural performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, at left.





MONUMENTAL SLABS tinted by night lighting are distinguishing feature of Clowes Memorial in Indianapolis. Designed by Architect John Johansen for Butler University, it is city's main culture center and home of Indianapolis Symphony, seen below.



Angeles' La Cienega Boulevard has become an art market second only to New York's 57th Street.

Bull's success has also inspired other building projects, the biggest of which is the new Los Angeles County Art Museum on Wilshire Boulevard. Designed by William Pereira, it is all but completed. Costing \$20 million in all, the \$11 million in private money was raised by Edward William Carter, 53, president of the Broadway-Hale chain of department stores, director of a dozen companies and organizations, and chairman of the University of California's board of regents (see EDUCATION).

The museum's main pavilion will house the permanent collection in galleries surrounding a large, four-story atrium. A second building will house the changing exhibitions, those on tour as well as those originated by the museum. The third part of the complex is an auditorium seating more than 600 for lectures, films, concerts and televised programs. In the past, several major collections (notably the Avery Brundage and the Arensberg collections) have been given to other museums in other cities because the donors felt that their paintings could not have a suitable display space in Los Angeles. Now such space is at hand, and already the Art Museum's board of trustees has voted a \$5,000,000 fund-raising program for new acquisitions.

"Los Angeles," says Carter, "was uniquely ready to spend money on culture. It is a center of artistic and musical activity, and spending money for their development is a praiseworthy act. Besides, it tends to offset the image that the place is populated largely by kooks."

Staggering Statistics. But Los Angeles is only the latest example of what has become a major new trend in U.S. life—listening and looking and reading and doing the things upper-cased as Art. The statistics of the change are staggering.

- **MUSIC** is in the air to the extent that the number of amateurs playing instruments rose from 19 million in 1950 to 37 million this year. In the same period, the number of symphony orchestras grew from about 800 to 1,300, playing to an audience of some 10 million. From 1947 to 1964, the number of children studying music at home or in school jumped from 2.5 million to 12 million—an increase of 380%. Last year the U.S. public bought 18 million classical records.

- **ART** galleries are springing up all over the place. In Phoenix, Ariz., for instance, there were two in 1950, and there are about 18 today. In Manhattan, there were 96 art exhibitions in December 1950 and 236 exhibits in December 1964. On a recent weekend, the Metropolitan Museum clocked 96,971 visitors, the Museum of Modern Art 11,708, and the Guggenheim 13,701.

- **BOOKS** are now selling at the rate of \$1.7 billion a year. A 1963 survey by

the National Book Committee estimated that book sales and library circulation have increased three times faster than the population during the previous five years.

- **THEATER** is no longer limited to Broadway and the road; there are currently 35 playhouses off-Broadway, and there are top-quality repertory companies, such as the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, the Arena Stage in Washington, and their counterparts in Seattle, Houston, Milwaukee and San Francisco. The stage is not simply a spectator sport; there are reportedly some 5,000 nonprofessional theater groups in the U.S., not counting those in colleges.

- **BALLET** has become a major U.S. art form. There are 18 professional and



EDWARD CARTER
The proud were ready.

200 semiprofessional ballet companies in the country, two of which—Balan-chine's New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theater—are rated among the best in the world. Their chief international competition—Russia's Kirov and Bolshoi, Denmark's Royal Danish and Britain's Royal Ballet—consistently play to sellout audiences during their extensive U.S. tours.

- **MOVIES** no longer mean Hollywood, period, to the man in the street. About 15 years ago, there was no more than a handful of theaters outside New York City specializing in what the trade calls art films—foreign movies, oldtime classics, experimental shorts. The "art circuit" today consists of more than 700 theaters.

Furniture Factory Concerto. Whence comes this sudden surge of national enthusiasm? More education is one answer. Before World War I, 20% of the 14- to 17-year-olds in the U.S. attended high school; in 1964 this has increased to 93.5%, of which 53% go

on to college. Enrollment in U.S. colleges increased 102% between 1954 and 1964.

Prosperity is a major factor—and the leisure that prosperity has brought on a scale unknown to any other culture in the history of mankind. And once the trend began, it has been augmented by feedback from all the institutions that serve society. The universities have been reaching out more and more into the communities around them, staging lectures, recitals, plays and debates to which the public is invited. The foundations are handing out more and more money for cultural causes—an estimated \$50 million this year. In 1964, for instance, the Rockefeller Foundation made grants to seven symphony orchestras to enable them to extend their seasons one or two weeks, and the Ford Foundation made grants to professional ballet companies from Salt Lake City to Boston.

U.S. business has turned patron in a big way, partly out of tax leniencies, partly out of a new sense of community responsibility. Last year U.S. business supported culture to the tune of \$25 million and is expected to spend 10% more in 1964. Chase Manhattan Bank has a \$500,000 collection of modern art and gives some \$350,000 a year to educational and cultural projects. The Basic-Witz Furniture Co. of Waynesboro, Va., commissioned a concerto by Robert Evett for its 75th anniversary, and General Motors recently sent its employees 600,000 copies of two booklets: *French Impressionism and Masterpieces from the Louvre*.

Gown & Town. All this activity needs its housing, and it is getting it. Pity the U.S. architect without an art museum, a symphony hall, an auditorium or a theater on his drawing board—or better yet, the newest thing: a culture center. Many of them have been built by universities to serve both the student body and the civic community. Among the newest and most distinguished are those shown in the preceding color pages:

- **Monticello College's** \$2,000,000 Hathaway Hall in Godfrey, Ill., combines physical culture with the other kind: a swimming pool and a gymnasium flank the 1,000-seat auditorium. Finished in October 1963, the "theatron," as it is called because of its steeply banked seats arranged Roman-style around the central arena, is used for lectures and student activities of this small junior college for women, as well as for performances and civic affairs of the community.

- **The University of Illinois'** spectacular \$8,350,000 Assembly Hall was financed by two bond issues, the interest on the bonds being paid out of student fees. Opened about a year and a half ago, the mushroom-shaped concrete structure has a capacity of 16,000 permanent seats. The university also plans a \$14 million Max Abramovitz-designed

center for performing arts with four diversified auditoriums for music, ballet and experimental theater.

► The Grady Gammage Auditorium on the campus of Arizona State University at Tempe is a tribute to the determination of the university's late president Grady Gammage that Arizona should have at least one public building by the late great Frank Lloyd Wright, who made the state his second home. The auditorium is combined with a four-story music school, which contains a workshop, classrooms, the departmental library, a laboratory for musical education, rehearsal rooms, recording rooms and offices.

► Butler University's \$3.7 million Clowes Memorial Hall, completed last year, is used by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, as well as the univer-

\$6,500,000, four-building culture center that includes a planetarium, as well as a library, a museum and an auditorium. St. Paul has just opened a \$3,000,000 Arts and Science Center. Milwaukee is more than two-thirds of the way toward its \$6,000,000 goal to finance a center for the performing arts. And in Washington this month, President Lyndon Johnson broke ground for the \$46.4 million John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, designed by Architect Edward D. Stone.

Most of the centers are largely paid for by private funds. The financing of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, biggest and most expensive of them all, was belittled by John D. Rockefeller III, who may be lukewarm about the arts but believes in enhancing his city. His own contributions have not

So driven, she has been too busy to consider what the effect may be on the bystander.

To the outsider, she sometimes seems dictatorial. By her lights, she is only trying to get something done. "Talk like that makes me cry," says Buff, who, unlike most women of culture, is disarmingly frank both about herself and the resentment she sometimes arouses. "Inside of me I am very loving and warm; but the position in which I've been placed, the responsibilities I have, make it necessary for me to be very strong and very firm. Often I've had to be the catalyst simply because nobody else would make a decision. So in my way I've had to be much more firm and forceful in my appearance and speech than I really would like to have been. I know that, and I'm not the ideal of the person I set out to be."

Five-Ply Personality. Buff Chandler does so many jobs that it is hard to say just what she set out to be. She starts every day with a before-breakfast swim with husband Norman in the family pool behind their house in the Hancock Park area of northwestern Los Angeles. Then any of several things can happen. She may turn up at her office at the Los Angeles Times (she is a company vice president) or attend a meeting of the University of California's board of regents (she is chairman of the building and grounds committee, which has a yearly budget running into tens of millions of dollars among the university's seven campuses). This may be followed by an editorial conference on the content of the women's section of the Times, followed by a dinner for 20 at home. Next day there may be a grandmotherly get-together with her two children and eight grandchildren.

Every one of these segments of her time gets her intense attention. "I don't jump back and forth among unrelated activities," she explains. "If I need clothes, I set my time and I go out and put my mind only on shopping for clothes. If it's time to fix up the house, I don't just run in and out and try to sandwich that in—I'll spend a day, or whatever time is needed, and I won't take phone calls unless they're very urgent. I'm extremely organized."

So organized, in fact, that the effect is not always endearing—as she well knows. "When Buff Chandler walks into a meeting, the rest of us might as well go home," says another L.A. committee lady. One of her best friends, who has worked with her on the Music Center, correctly forecast early in the campaign that nobody else would raise much money but Buff. "First," she said, "she's got all the weapons—the Times, the Chandler name, the real power. Second, she's just so competitive that she couldn't bear the thought of not winning the victory all by herself."

Buff admits to the competitiveness. "I'm most comfortable when I'm around men," she says. "Most wom-



CONDUCTOR MEHTA, BUFF, ARCHITECTS BECKET & PEREIRA
With fading memories of an uncouth poor relation.

sity and the community. Its fine backstage facilities, adjustable-size stage and superb acoustics have made Indianapolis one of the prime stopovers for shows on the road, whereas there used to be a saying that "the two worst weeks in the year were Christmas and Indianapolis."

In a **Water Tank.** Aside from the academic contribution to the explosion of U.S. interest in the arts, almost no town is too big or too small to be engaged in a new cultural enterprise of some kind. Rocky Mount, N.C., for instance, has converted a round railroad water tank and pumping station into a culture center, with an art gallery on one floor, a theater in another, and classrooms on the third. Honolulu has two brand-new theater-concert halls. Saratoga Springs, N.Y., is building a \$3,000,000 open-sided auditorium to make itself the summer home of the New York City Ballet and the Philadelphia Orchestra. In 1965 Trenton, N.J., will have finished a state-financed

been made public, but the Rockefeller Foundation gave more than \$50 million, and the Campaign Committee is only \$10 million short of its \$160.7 million goal.

Los Angeles has no Rockefellers or their old-rich counterparts, who feel that contributions to their city's culture are a matter of conscience rather than enthusiasm. But it does have a sense of community pride that New York might envy. And it has Buff Chandler.

Driver Driven. Other driving women in other cities and other times have organized civic enterprises, helped their husbands in business, become the local doyens of culture. But at 63, Dorothy Buffum Chandler does not quite fit the stereotype. Her blue eyes can still turn suddenly shy, and on occasion she can seem at a loss for words. In achieving her formidable goals, she is less driving than driven—by a restless conscience and a sense of time slipping away while things that need doing are still undone.

en just don't seem to be competitive enough."

From Sprint to Shimmy. Dorothy Buffum first learned the joys of competition in high school at Long Beach, Calif. Her father had moved to California from Lafayette, Ill., when she was about a year old, opened a general store and built it into a chain of department stores. Eventually he became mayor, and Buff became a fine sprinter. "I didn't take to boys much except to run against them and beat them," admits Buff. She had an anxious sense that there was not enough time. "I'd wake up frequently with a feeling that there was so much for me to do, but would I ever have time to get it done?"

The anxiety momentarily quieted when she got to Stanford and discovered boys ("I don't think I ever missed a dance on campus"). In no time, she was voted the campus queen. And when Dorothy Buffum put on a slinky dress and danced the shimmy—"Well, I really did it up! I think I was probably the best on campus—or the worst, if you want to look at it that way."

Fellow Student Norman Chandler, scion of the family that owned the Los Angeles Times, left college after Christmas in his senior year so that he could get started working on the paper and marry Dorothy. She quit at the end of her junior year without a qualm.

Not for Me. They had been married ten years and had two children, Camilla, 7, and Otis, 5, when Buff, as she had come to be called, became so depressed by what seemed to be the continued reluctance of the Chandler family to accept her that she took up residence for six months in a private psychiatric clinic in Pasadena run by Dr. Josephine Jackson, coming home for a visit about once a week. The therapy was an unqualified success. Says Buff: "I had begun to doubt myself, to feel that there was something wrong with me. Dr. Jackson helped me to see that Norman's family was not going to change or destroy me, nor was I going to change or destroy them."

With her new confidence, Buff found a new restlessness. Her children were more and more away at school. "I was not interested in the social life of Pasadena or in joining the bridge-playing. I knew it was not for me. I was still that little girl, believing when I woke up each day that life was running too fast."

Unexpected Volunteer. So Buff went to work for Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. The hospital management thought they were getting another half-hearted volunteer, but they didn't know. Buff, she zeroed in on personnel problems. "It seemed to me everybody was underpaid." Before the management knew what had hit them, Buff confronted them with proposals for more days off, longer vacations, higher wages.

Then war came, and Norman was called by the Government to other jobs. He asked Buff to take over some areas



BUFF IN COLLEGE CHORUS LINE (SECOND FROM LEFT)
So much to do.

of the Times, and she moved into the Times building, setting up a tiny, 13-room apartment on the top floor. Typically, Buff enrolled in a one-year journalism course at the University of Southern California, held beer-bull-sessions for the newspaper staff every night, and reorganized the women's page from a narrow provincial society report to a far-ranging survey of all the arts from decoration to ballet.

Zeal & Budgets. Buff Chandler's public career really began, though, when Actor Jean Hersholt, president of the Hollywood Bowl, was impressed by her zeal on the board of the Southern California Symphony Association and persuaded her to join the board of the debt-ridden Bowl.

Buff was all for culture, but she also had an executive's eye for the balance sheet. Her first vote as a board member was to close the Bowl down. The Bowl closed. But typically, Buff had something more in mind. She enlisted the help of Conductor Alfred Wallenstein and devised a scheme to persuade headline musicians to play with the symphony in the Bowl without fees. In two

weeks there were enough pledges to make up a whole season. The Bowl reopened and wound up with a tiny profit.

The Bowl was saved, but this still left the Los Angeles symphony without a hall of its own. Early in 1955, Buff called up her friend Grace Ford Salvadori, wife of an industrialist and well known for her entertaining, and suggested that they put on a benefit party to house the symphony.

They landed Composer Johnny (*Body and Soul*) Green as master of ceremonies. Jack Benny, Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore were persuaded to contribute their talents. Christian Dior himself put on a fashion show, and the Ambassador Hotel provided free space. Buff and Grace sweet-talked a Cadillac Eldorado out of General Motors to raffish off, and the evening—still remembered as the Eldorado Party—netted a magnificent \$400,000.

Sudden Chance. For three years the money sat in a bank while Buff busied herself elsewhere. Then one free day, on a sudden impulse Buff drove 50 miles south of Los Angeles to call on Myford Irvine, an eccentric millionaire she hardly knew whose family owned the famed 93,000-acre Irvine Ranch, now being turned into the world's largest private development, master-planned by William Pereira (*TIME*, Sept. 6, 1963). Her timing turned out to have been just right: Irvine killed himself within a month—but not before he had pledged Buff \$100,000.

She scooped up another \$100,000 from a foundation, was promoted to president of the Symphony Association, and persuaded the county board of supervisors to set aside 7½ acres in Los Angeles' projected civic center for a hall to house her orchestra. The county board not only agreed but chose top Los Angeles Architect Welton Becket for the job and undertook to pay his fee.

Bottle of the Bar. Buff set herself a goal of \$4,000,000, installed an office staff in what had been the swimming-pool changing rooms behind the Chandler mansion, and began a determined



WITH NORMAN IN 1920
So little competition.



AT HOME WITH SON, DAUGHTER & GRANDCHILDREN
Another needed for Nassau County.

assault on every rich Californian she knew. A year later, she called a luncheon meeting of her big-money committee at Perino's Restaurant, prepared to go before them just \$250,000 short of her \$4,000,000 goal. But on the way in, she spied her old friend, oilman Edwin Pauley, led him into the bar, and appealed to his patriotism, chauvinism, civic pride, social duty, and the obligation to help out an old friend. Pauley surrendered. Buff was starting out of the bar with his pledge of \$125,000 when she spotted another oilman, Samuel Mosher, chairman of the Signal Oil & Gas Co. A few minutes later, she announced triumphantly at the luncheon that the \$4,000,000 goal had been reached.

"Once you have the momentum and the excitement going for you, you must keep going or it fades very quickly," says Buff Chandler, who should know. She herself kept plenty of excitement going by constantly enlarging the plans to house the symphony. From a single building, it has become three: the 3,250-seat Pavilion, the drumlike 750-seat Mark Taper Forum for theater-in-the-round, and the 2,100-seat Center Theater. The complex includes two restaurants, private dining rooms, rehearsal halls, studios, set-designing facilities, and underground parking space for 2,000 cars. This meant that she had to raise her own goal to \$18.5 million.

But as Buff Chandler is well aware, it's what goes into the building that counts. The Philharmonic's Music Director Mehta is a case in point. When he turned up in Los Angeles as a guest artist, he was such an instant success that Buff and other symphony directors invited him back for another guest appearance—at which Conductor Georg Solti, who had been in Europe at the time and was not consulted, resigned. Buff appointed a committee of top musical figures—among them Cellist Piatigorsky and Violinist Heifetz—which came up with a list of some 20 possible candidates. "I'm a great one for getting all the expert opinion I can," says Buff. "Then, after everybody has registered his view, somebody has got to say 'That's it—let's go.' This is my job." So Mehta it was. In Zubin Mehta's case, it was a job well done. He has made the orchestra one of the best in the country, and his programming last year—mostly modern works—was considered masterly.

Intensely Personal. When Buff is not saying "Let's go," she is getting other people to say it. Well does she know the uses of group appeal: she organized a "Blue Ribbon Committee" of 500 society matrons and housewives to bring in 1,000 people who would contribute \$1,000 each (it took them five months, but they made it). "Women work very hard," says Buff, "when you give them a specific goal and a time limit." She has also been successful with a mass pitch, distributing shopping bags called "Buck Bags" to raise \$500,000 in contributions, to be matched by another \$500,000 by an anonymous donor. Norman and Buff Chandler have not publicized their own contributions to the Music Center, but it is believed that they have given at least \$300,000.

Buff can also swing a benefit. To Hollywood stars and moneybags, it seemed presumptuous to ask \$250 a ticket just to go to the movies, but they paid it for Buff's benefit premiere of *Cleopatra*. "No," said Producer Harold Mirisch when she sat down in his office and suggested that he take \$5,000 worth of tickets. An hour later, the story goes, he had not only bought the tickets but called his broker and ordered him to buy all the Times Mirror stock he could lay his hands on.

Person to Person. But Buff's main fund-raising gimmick is no gimmick at all; it is to be intensely personal with

the extremely rich. As one practiced professional put it: "Let's face it. Important money is raised by important people asking other important people for important amounts. Asking 2,000,000 people for a dollar each won't get you \$2,000,000; it won't even get you \$1,000,000. You need very, very big gifts from very few people." During the Music Center campaign, Buff kept constantly before her a list of ten to 15 prospects. "If I kept looking at the whole list," she explains, "I would never have slept." And it was not just a question of quantity but quality, because "a fund raiser should be at various times a psychiatrist, a psychologist, a marriage counselor, and even a sort of family doctor. You have to know the family situation at all times. Divorce, illness, death—or just a routine change in the family financial situation—can inhibit contribution." Buff even consults astrology on occasion. She is not a blind believer, but she is sufficiently impressed with it to run an astrological chart on every major prospect before she approaches him.

Then there is the question of knowing which motivational buttons to press. "Some people don't care about music at all, but they want to be in a prestige group, which the Music Center basically is. Other donors like to see their names on plaques on the walls. Still others like the idea that the Music Center will provide employment for musicians and artists."

Buff found that she averaged five visits to each major donor (\$25,000 or more). She is especially sensitive to the easy disparagement that with her husband's name and the Times on her side, it is simple to get people to knuckle under. She admits that in many instances the Chandler name has been a help. But she insists that often her connection with the Times has had just the opposite effect. "Out of an hour's appointment with a man," she says, "I may spend 45 or 50 minutes answering questions about things in the Times that he challenges or dislikes. And if I'm not careful in those 50 minutes that he's talking, then I lose my sale in the ten minutes I have left."

All the Way. The spectacular success of the Music Center has spread Buff Chandler's fame as a fund raiser across the land. Recently she was asked for her formula by three representatives of the seven-building, \$45.5 million John F. Kennedy Civic, Educational and Cultural Center for Nassau County, L.I., also designed by Welton Becket, which will begin to rise late next year.

"The most important thing," she told them, "is not a formula but a person who will be a catalyst for the project—someone so dedicated to the purpose that he will stay with it until the job is completed. This is something that no committee or group can do; it must begin and end with one person who will stay with it all the way."

Like Buff.



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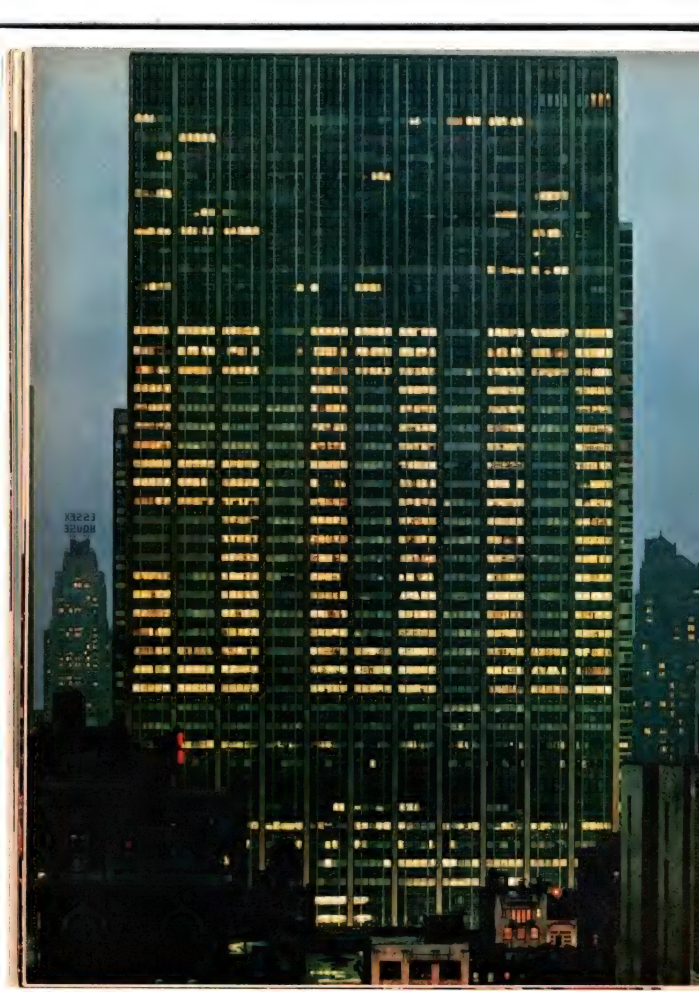
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Fortune's Five Hundred

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MEDICINE

DRUGS

The Pros & Cons of LSD

"The mind—that seven inches of inner space between the root of the nose and the occiput—is our prized possession: its study on every level is most important," says Los Angeles Psychiatrist Sidney Cohen. The newest and most controversial way of carrying on that most important study is with the aid of drugs that produce hallucinations or illusions. But the responsible hopes raised by serious and cautious research have been matched by wildly visionary claims. Irresponsible misuse of the drugs has led to both scares and scandals.

For all that has been published about the pros and cons of LSD and other hallucinogens, there has been no impartial appraisal by a competent scientist writing in lay language. Now, in *The Beyond Within: the LSD Story* (Atheneum, \$5), Dr. Cohen has done the job with commendable skill. Man's drive to find out what his mind is like, says Cohen, besides "including a search for release from the painful realities of disease, disaster and death . . . also attempts to find an answer to the question of how one human should relate to another, and how man should understand his own impermanence. [It] ranges from a hedonistic sensuality to a search for the highest philosophic abstractions, from a tool for deriving scientific data to a sacrament taken to achieve loss of self and union with the All."

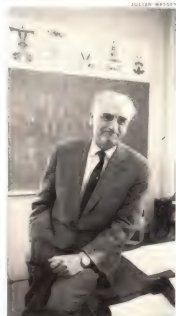
"A Bit of Death." LSD (n-lysergic acid diethylamide) has so far proved no cure for any disease. The overriding interest of both scientists and pseudo scientists in LSD (and, to a lesser extent, in the other hallucinogens) is in its effects on the mind. And these are so fantastic that most experimenters insist words are not the right medium for describing them, but they have devised no better tool for communication.

The all-pervading, almost universal effect is incredibly intensified perception. This may be pleasurable or not, depending on the individual's emotional state. Most people seem to float, and often to be outside themselves, so that they are really two selves. A common feeling is that there is "a little bit of death" in the LSD experience, but usually it is not frightening because the subject is dissociated from himself and can observe the situation dispassionately.

The Smell of Music. One of the unique qualities of LSD, says Dr. Cohen, is its capacity to bring back temporarily the vividness of newness. Subjects who get a hit from the drug describe all colors as bright and gay—a traffic light may become an object of surpassing beauty. If the subject becomes depressed, the colors darken or bleach out. Highly colored geometric tapestries flow past the closed eyes. Time stands still. Hearing becomes in-

tensified; listening to music is a tremendous esthetic experience. Changes in taste and smell are relatively uncommon. But synesthesias—crossovers from one sense to another—are common, so that subjects "hear" colors or "smell" music. Ideas become visible. Thought and emotion are inseparable. Memory is oddly affected: the ability to repeat a set of numbers backward, or do simple tests, is grossly impaired, but long-ago events may be recalled accurately in minutest detail.

Effects on creativity are unclear. LSD subjects create what seem to be



PSYCHIATRIST COHEN
Which way to nirvana?

masterpieces or make momentous discoveries that are later seen as commonplace or nonsensical. But those who are by nature creative may get a fillip to their creativity through the sense of release from narrow, binding reality. As for whether hallucinogens might be used to establish mind control over the masses, Dr. Cohen dismisses this as a hoggy. But he is deeply concerned over the possible use of such drugs in chemical warfare.

A Bottle of Bliss. "Is the LSD state a model of madness, a touch of schizophrenia, or is it a short cut to *Zen satori*, nirvana for the millions?" asks Dr. Cohen. His answer: it is certainly not schizophrenia, and it differs from a true psychosis much as a wooden model bridge differs from the Golden Gate. Conflicting reports of diametrically opposite results with LSD are difficult to explain. Some subjects found the experience as horrible as any psychosis and would have no more of it; others, with the same dose, could not get too

much. "Was it possible that out of the same bottle madness and supernal bliss could be poured?"

It was. Dr. Cohen's explanation is that if a subject takes LSD under laboratory conditions with impersonal attending technicians, if he expects to go temporarily mad and if he gets no reassurance, a psychotic state is likely to occur. But in a more relaxed situation, with hopeful expectations of his own, the subject will probably have a ball. Dr. Cohen notes that this is true of other drugs: "From the same jug of whiskey come tears for one and laughter for another."

"Majestic Quietude." After an experiment Cohen himself conducted, a doctor wrote: "I had read that a number of people have a painful catatonic withdrawal. I fancied that I would be a catatonic . . . The first change was one of pleasant relaxation. This increased to an indescribable mood of great calm and peace. The problems and strivings, the worries and frustrations of everyday life vanished; in their place was a majestic, sunlit, heavenly inner quietude . . . I seemed to have finally arrived at the contemplation of the eternal truth." The doctor suffered numbness and shivering so severe that he needed three blankets. But he accepted these discomforts as a small price for admission to nirvana. And he suffered no catatonia.

At the opposite extreme was a woman psychologist, ordinarily bright and friendly, who had given no thought to a possible catatonic reaction. She had one so severe that Dr. Cohen says "it would have been difficult for a psychiatrist to pick her out of a room full of female catatonic schizophrenics."

"Endure Not to Know." If LSD is taken on three successive days, the subject builds up a tolerance for it and gets no effect from the normal safe dose, which is only 100 micrograms (1/300,000th of an ounce). After a few days, this wears off, and the same person can take LSD again. The drug is not addicting, though it may be habituating. A second experience is not likely to be a repeat of the first. A woman who had been preoccupied with external matters on her first dose decided, on the second, to look into her own soul. Typically, she became two people, but each was herself. One self asked: "What should be my relation to Ultimate Reality, to God?" And the second self answered: "Endure not to know."

To Psychiatrist Cohen, some of the most interesting questions about LSD involve its value as an aid to psychotherapy, especially in the treatment of alcoholics. The main advantage, Dr. Cohen believes, is that the patient becomes better able to accept what he normally painful insights into his own shortcomings. He can observe himself with detachment, and this speeds treatment. There are some patients, though, especially those on the borderline of

a psychosis, for whom LSD is definitely dangerous.

Antics & Reaction. In the last few years, Dr Cohen and other reputable researchers have been disturbed by what he calls the "beatnik microculture" and its abuses of LSD and other hallucinogens. The danger, he says, is that public reaction against oddball antics may set back serious research for many years.

It is tempting, he suggests, to say that one gets from the LSD encounter what one deserves, but he quotes Aquinas for a more accurate summation: "*Quidquid recipitur secundum modum recipientis recipitur*"—our nature determines what we receive. But mankind will not always know its present mental limits. "The mind's surmised and still unknown potential," says Dr. Cohen, "is our future. The experience called hallucinogenic will play a role in leading us into the future."

PUBLIC HEALTH

A \$3 Billion Plan

Unless we do better, two-thirds of all Americans now living will suffer or die from cancer, heart disease or stroke. I expect you to do something about it.

—President Johnson, April 17

The 18 physicians and ten other public-spirited citizens whom the President thus exhorted when he named them to a special commission reported back to him last week that the U.S. can indeed do something about its greatest killers—but at a price. Under the chairmanship of Houston's famed Surgeon Michael E. DeBakey, the commission unanimously concluded that much needs to be done in several categories.

Pay if Possible. The report began with the stark facts: in 1963 heart-artery diseases caused 55% of all U.S. deaths, and cancer 16%. Strokes killed

201,000; diseases of other arteries outside the brain combined with diseases of the heart to kill 793,000. Cancer killed 285,000. Many of these deaths were "premature," judged by the fact that they carried off people under 65. "Every day," said the commission, "men and women are dying who need not die. Every hour, families are being plunged into tragedy that need not happen."

This, said a commission spokesman, is because "medical miracles are in many instances available only to the fortunate few who can get to the unique medical institution or specialist who can perform that miracle." To make miracle care available to all, beyond the areas of the 50 or so medical centers now providing it, the commission proposed a network of:

► High-powered regional "centers"—25 for heart disease, 20 for cancer and 15 for strokes—for intensive care of difficult cases and for research into better methods of care.

► Community "stations" across the nation—150 for heart disease, 200 for cancer and 100 for strokes, half in existing medical centers and half in community hospitals, for immediate diagnosis and emergency care.

At both centers and stations, patients would be expected to pay if they could, either directly or through insurance. In other cases, payment would come from the usual welfare resources. Even so, the federal treasury would have to find \$124 million for these networks the first year, and the bill would rise to \$453 million a year within five years. This program, the commission insisted, is not socialized medicine but an answer to it.

To the Grass Roots. For the long haul, the commission urged that all the affected community health services be integrated with university medical centers. Special emphasis, it said, must be given to getting the most recent developments and techniques of prevention and treatment to the grass-roots level so that the practitioners may keep up and the people obtain the best care possible. In addition to the \$153 million already appropriated for this year, the commission recommended that \$56 million be spent on another year of intensified research into the basic causes of the "big three" killers. The commission also asked for \$45 million for training technicians and \$52 million for added facilities and resources.

Despite the commission's disclaimers about "socialized medicine," the plan was sure to meet stiff opposition on political grounds. And because of the estimated \$3 billion price for the plan's first five years, there was immediate criticism of its costliness. But the commission said it was not asking for a bit more than the plan was worth. The annual cost to the U.S. economy from lack of effective treatment for men and women in their productive years, said the commission, runs into the billions of dollars.

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A traditional Christmas eggnog—made with gold label Puerto Rican rum. Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

The secret of making the traditional Christmas eggnog

(Use gold label Puerto Rican rum and follow these foolproof recipes)

IF YOU really want to delight your friends with a Christmas-eggnog, make it with rum. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry-cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: *gold label* Puerto Rican rums. They simply refuse to be subdued in an eggnog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and

aged in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico.

Here are two great recipes for a traditional eggnog. Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Quick recipe. Add 12 oz. *gold label* Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of eggnog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 12.

Standard recipe. Beat 12 egg yolks until

light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of *gold label* Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 24.

FREE BOOKLET! 31 Rum drink recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

MUSIC

PIANISTS

The Evolution of Emil

Pianist Artur Rubinstein was passing through Odessa one day in 1931 when a piano teacher cornered him and insisted on dragging him off to the local conservatory to hear her pupils. "You know how boring such an ordeal usually is," Rubinstein recalled a few years later. "But by God, there was this boy—short, with a mass of red hair and freckles—who played . . . I can't describe it. All I can say is, if he ever comes to the U.S., I might as well pack up my bags and go."

In 1955 Emil Gilels came with full ruffles and flourishes as the first top Russian artist to perform in the U.S. since Composer Sergei Prokofiev's visit in 1921. Now, at 48, Gilels (pronounced Gill-ell) is back for his fifth tour of the U.S. and playing better than ever.

His visits, in fact, comprise a case study in the evolution of a good pianist into one of the great masters of our day. Isolated within one school of music, in this case the Russian, the growth potential of an artist such as Gilels was, like a sapling in a tin can, limited. But with a decade of exposure to the cross-currents of Western musical life, Gilels has spread his roots and matured to a remarkable degree since his U.S. debut. His attack has become more assured. Once objective and calculating, he now plunges deeply into a work with daring abandon, searches out its mysteries, takes chances. A fireplug of a man with square, stubby hands, Gilels forgoes note-picking accuracy for a more fluid style of fingering.

At mid-tour Gilels has drawn rapturous acclaim wherever he has appeared. At Chicago's Orchestra Hall the overflow crowd spilled onto the stage.



GILELS AT CHICAGO'S ORCHESTRA HALL
Out of the tin can.

Gilels rewarded them with a magnificent performance of his tour de force, Liszt's massively difficult *Sonata in B Minor*. Last week at Seattle's Opera House, the audience awarded Gilels one standing ovation after another.

Gilels, a professor of music at Moscow University, was genuinely touched by the size and fervor of his audiences. Especially, he said, since "Americans have stereo, hi-fi and the best of records. Still they come to the concert hall. The recordings to them are like canned food. A concert is like fresh food."

JAZZ

The Third Thing

Little Herbie Solomon was, everybody said, a square. While the other saxophone players at Brooklyn's Abraham Lincoln High School were trying to imitate the new bebop style of Charlie ("Bird") Parker, Herbie was still practicing to old Illinois Jacquet and Flip Phillips records. You're not with it, Herbie, they said, and refused to let him play with the school's dance band.

But Herbie endured, eventually changed his name and instrument, and, as Jazz Flutist Herbie Mann, has become at 34 one of the most successful jazzmen in the business. This week he was voted the top musician in his field for the eighth consecutive year in the *Down Beat* magazine readers' poll. But, to the inner circle of jazz aficionados, Herbie is still not with it. Mainly, says Mann, "because I've committed the cardinal sin of being successful."

Longid Afternoons. With a canny eye on the box office, Mann has attracted a devoted following from "the lay and fringe public" with a unique amalgam of jazz and ethnic music. Last week, in Manhattan's cavernous Village Gate the Herbie Mann Septet was serving up one of its typical jazz potpourris: gently infectious bossa nova, thumping Afro-Cuban variations on a North African tribal chant, a Middle Eastern treatment of the theme from *Fiddler on the Roof*, a brooding interpretation of a classical piano piece written in 1888 by French Composer Erik Satie. Mann also introduced a new gimmick: he played a flute improvisation against a tape recording of eerily exotic, centuries-old *gagaku* music, played by the royal musicians of Japan's imperial court, a memento picked up when Mann played with the *gagaku* musicians during a tour of Japan three months ago.

Mann's flute is a sparrow in the treetops, lightly flitting and chirping above a heavy, sensuous beat laid down by the rhythm section. On alto flute, the mood is more softly introspective, evoking languid afternoons by the sea. The music is easy on the ears, mildly diverting in its melodic simplicity and ease of approach. Mann plays with eyes closed, standing disjointedly and undulating as



MANN AT THE VILLAGE GATE
Up in the treetops.

it to entwine himself around the microphone, conscious that "some chicks just come to see me move. They're stone-deaf freaks, but I'm not knocking it." He doesn't knock anything, in fact, that might lure people into a nightclub. Last year, to add a little "carnival eventment," he hired two Afro-Cuban dancers who cavorted about the stage showering the audience with confetti. Such tactics, scorned by jazz purists, bring Mann a \$50,000 yearly income.

Mann scored his breakthrough when he discovered that the gentle flute, an upstaged squeak in the company of flashy trumpets and saxophones, could best flex its personality against a background of drums. Mann formed an Afro-Jazz Sextet and embarked in 1959 on a highly successful four-month tour of 17 African countries.

Boom-Boom. Back in the U.S. the combo's "ethnic jazz" gained a wide audience. But in the mounting din of his drummers Mann found himself becoming "a sideman in my own group" and he fled to Brazil. He came back playing a new music that helped touch off the bossa-nova craze in the U.S.

"One reason jazz is not salable," says Mann, "is because the musicians and audiences stopped enjoying themselves. People used to swing and be happy in a club. Now they must come out emotionally destroyed. We play simple, enjoyable music. My audience doesn't know it's supposed to be something they shouldn't like. It's not jazz and it's not authentic ethnic; it's a crossbreed, a third thing."

Confident that he has now achieved his life's ambition—"to be to the flute what Benny Goodman is to the clarinet"—Mann is looking for new worlds of music to translate into the third thing. "At the moment," he says, "I'm very interested in American Indian music. There's more to it than just boom-boom, boom-boom, you know. The possibilities are endless."

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

When & Where to Speak

"The students are restless," says University of California President Clark Kerr, and he would beyond a doubt include Mario Savio. Born in New York City, Savio glided through high school at the top of a class of 1,200, spent two years in local colleges shopping for majors, then moved with his Sicilian-immigrant parents to California and entered the university at Berkeley. Soon he was "disenchanted." He "drifted" into the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee ("Snick") and last summer joined a Freedom School in MeComb, Miss., to teach Negroes poetry, history, math and genetics—"a good subject to show how black and white people are the same."

Back at Cal in September, Savio found a cause to his taste when the university forbade on-campus collections for political ends, including Snick. He also found, in himself, an almost Latin American eloquence (he used to stutter), a sense of demagoguery, and a neat flair for martyrdom. Savio dropped his classes and began to lead a self-styled Free Speech Movement aimed at battering down the university's limits on out-of-classroom expression. His gifts were nicely matched by the university's habit of vacillating between concessions and crackdowns. By early last week, F.S.M. had won most of the freedom a student can use, including political activity and fund raising. The university authorities held out only for the right to add its own punishment to any that courts might take against students for off-campus political demonstrations. To this, angry F.S.M. leaders cried, "Double jeopardy!"

Grandstand Play. At this stage of the dispute, President Kerr assembled the university in its huge open-air Greek Theater to announce that the adminis-

tration would stand firm. Most students applauded, but to Savio, Kerr's position was "totally unacceptable," and the university was set up for a perfect grandstand play.

Suddenly Savio appeared from nowhere to grab the microphone. Before 13,000 astonished spectators, a campus policeman then grabbed Savio around the throat while another twisted his arm in a hammer lock. They dragged him away fighting, while a reporter thoughtfully held a microphone to his face. Minutes later, Savio was freed, and when F.S.M. partisans yelled "We want Mario," he naturally had to be allowed to make his speech. It was really no speech at all, just a masterfully brief and low-keyed announcement of an F.S.M. rally.

Unnerved, the administration passed the hot potato to the faculty. Next day the Academic Senate, composed of all professors and deans, proposed a capitulation to F.S.M. on the double-jeopardy issue, and a policy that "the content of on-campus speech or advocacy should not be restricted by the university. Off-campus student political activity shall not be subject to university regulation." "This is the best birthday present I ever had," choraled Savio, who had just turned 22, and he acknowledged that if the cops had not dragged him away from the mike "we would have been dead."

This settlement cannot be effective until approved by the university's board of regents, the only clue to their probable attitude is Chairman Edward Carter's concerned reference to "extraordinary problems created by recent incidents." But to turn it down now means risking more than further protest from Savio and F.S.M., the Berkeley faculty, which voted 824 to 115 for its proposed

solution, cannot lightly be overridden. Moreover, the proposal is not out of line with practice at other U.S. universities, which have come a long way toward greater freedom of expression since the day in 1952 when Senator Robert Taft had to stand outside the gates at the University of Illinois to speak to students.

A Spectrum of Freedom. By and large, restrictions are the mark of small, church-affiliated colleges intent on serving in loco parentis, while freedom for students, defined roughly as the rights and curbs of ordinary civil law, is the goal at big, old, and scholastically high-ranking state and private universities.

At Harvard, students choose speakers freely and collect funds on school property for political causes. To avoid excesses, the university relies on a strong tradition that an undergraduate will "conduct himself in a way becoming to a Harvard student," says Dean of Students Robert Watson. Other Ivy League schools have similar attitudes. "If a student gets arrested, that's his problem," says Cornell Dean of Students Stanley W. Davis. Columbia's President Grayson Kirk has the right of veto over campus speakers but never uses it; last year students there chartered a Sexual Freedom Forum.

Yale was deeply embarrassed a year ago when Kingman Brewster, then acting president, persuaded students to cancel a speaking invitation to Alabama's Governor George Wallace; and now "the administration suffers in agonizing silence rather than tamper with free speech and action," says Yale Daily News Chairman Alexander Sharp. When Princeton undergraduates invited Alger Hiss to the campus in 1956, prompting hundreds of irate letters from alumni, then-President Harold Willis Dodds refused to intervene. "We have sought to resolve this problem not in terms of academic freedom, but in the deeper



KERR



POLICE DRAGGING OFF SAVIO

Demagoguery, martyrdom and embarrassment.

terms of human freedom," he said. "To learn the personal significance of fire, the child must burn himself."

Occasionally a tolerant school will use persuasion to prevent a scorching. During the Cuban missile crisis two years ago, Brandeis University urged students to behave with "good taste" and cancel an invitation to Communist Party Chairman Gus Hall.

Lifting the Lid. Big state universities, under the eyes of legislatures, are often a bit more cautious. The University of Colorado this fall at first prevented a student group from selling the fiercely anti-Lyndon Johnson *Texas Looks at L.B.J.*, then granted permission after thinking it over. Indiana University refused to discipline three members of the Young Socialist Alliance whose indictments under the state antisubversive law for campus speechmaking, quashed by lower courts, have been appealed by the state to the Indiana Supreme Court. Wayne State lifted a ban against Communist speakers on campus, then retreated and barred two who had been cited for contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions put by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The same pair addressed 300 students at the University of Michigan without incident. "The tighter you put the lid on," says John Gustad, provost of New College, Fla., "the bigger the explosion is likely to be."

Berkeley students have blown off the lid. It now remains for them to follow the traditions of schools that have long allowed a wide range of undergraduate freedom. Mainly, such traditions consist of written and unwritten curbs that preserve the good name of the university, fix orderly procedures (booking halls for speakers, for example), and most important, do not obstruct the basic purpose of the university—providing an education.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

High Cost of Stinginess

Jacksonville, commercial center of Florida's Duval County, wears all the badges of a prosperous city in a space-age state: bustling expressways, glass-skinned office towers, a rebuilt waterfront. But Duval's high schools are so poor that teachers raise money for supplies by sending students out to sell candy and chewing gum. Low salaries keep the schools short of teachers and shabbily maintained. Textbooks are old; one history hesitantly predicts that man might some day orbit the earth. But stingy spending on schools finally proved to be a costly policy. The Southern Association of Colleges and Schools has disaccredited all 15 of the high schools in Duval County—the first time that the association ever whacked off a whole system.

As in most U.S. cities, Duval school budgets are determined by real-estate taxes. But two-thirds of the county's



McLAINE, HOURS & NOTRE DAME MEN IN "JOHN GOLDFARB"
Wined, dined and wiggled at.

householders duck out of taxes by virtue of low appraisals of the market value of their properties. When these appraisals are figured at the official assessment rate of 42%, they mostly fall below \$5,000, which is then forgiven under Florida's ancient "homestead exemption." Every attempt by worried parents to elect an assessor who would raise appraisals has met defeat. Turning from the polls to the courtroom, a band of determined Jacksonville citizens this week begins testifying in a suit that seeks to force the assessment of all property at fully 100% of market value.

Disaccreditation by the Southern Association put the county's 116,000 high-school students in a jam. Though they can still enter Florida's state-run universities freely, private and out-of-state colleges often require that the applicant be a graduate of an accredited high school. Duval County also worried about its economy: new business nowadays can hardly be attracted to areas with schools authoritatively pronounced to be bad.

UNIVERSITIES

The Importance of an Image

Like a venerable bank or a vintage Bordeaux, a great university must be ever watchful of its reputation, and the University of Notre Dame is more watchful than most. Once the school's fame lay in its fightin'-Irish football cult; then the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh became president, and the school got academic quality too. This year a great new coach, Ara Parseghian, offered hope of a fine Olympic balance.

Now, says Hesburgh, the hard-won image is endangered by a \$4,000,000 Hollywood farce called *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, in which Shirley Maclaine and a platoon of harem hooligans corrupt the Notre Dame football team. Last week in Manhattan, Notre Dame charged foul play, filed an in-

junction in New York State Supreme Court to block 20th Century-Fox from showing the movie.

Claiming misappropriation and exploitation of its name and insignia, the suit protested that Notre Dame would suffer "irreparable and immeasurable injury" if *Goldfarb* were shown, but the school did not ask for damages. "The University of Notre Dame is not for sale for such uses," said the petition. What particularly annoyed Hesburgh was the way-out plot that depicts Notre Dame players "as undisciplined gluttons and drunks."

The film is about a U-2 pilot who bungles a CIA mission over the U.S.S.R. and bails out in the kingdom ruled by Fawz (Peter Ustinov), a peeved potentate whose son failed to make the Notre Dame varsity. Shirley Maclaine just happens to be at hand as a reporter getting a picture-magazine scoop inside the scraggle. The vengeful Fawz fields a football team of his own and blackmails Goldfarb into coaching it. An eager U.S. State Department sends the Irish to the Middle East, where they are wined, dined, wiggled at, and ultimately defeated (34-29) by the burmooosed bandits of Fawz U.

Fox officials rushed to the defense, calling the film "a zany fantasy, a free-swinging satire." Doubleday & Co., one of two publishers also named in the suit, added informatively that the original book, heretofore ignored by the university, "couldn't be funnier." Everyone waited to see who would have the last laugh, but preview audiences in Hollywood and Manhattan were already spreading the word that *John Goldfarb* had handily out-Foxed itself long before the roar from South Bend. It is not simply a bad movie; it is a truly breathtaking display of tastelessness, ineptitude and wretched humor, crudely written and performed as one long leer. Only with a break like getting sued did *Goldfarb* appear to stand much chance at the box office.

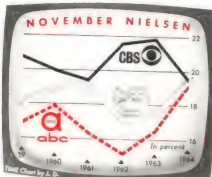
SHOW BUSINESS



"BEWITCHED'S"
MONTGOMERY

"BONANZA'S"
LORNE GREENE

Along with apples from Appalachia...



"GOMER PYLE'S"
JIM NABORS



"PEYTON PLACE'S"
KASEY ROGERS

...soap and sex at night.

TELEVISION

Year of the Photo Finish

For the first time in the history of TV's Nielsen ratings, the three major networks last week ended up in as close a thing to a photofinish as statistics are likely to produce: a dead heat between CBS and ABC, each scoring an identical 19.4% and, only a whisker behind, long-lagging ABC with 19.3%.

Sitting there basking was ABC Network President Tom Moore, who says expansively: "None of it was really a surprise, only a confirmation." ABC's shows are apparently more dynamically mediocre than CBS's, for it is obviously out of CBS that ABC has taken its great equalizing bite (see chart). ABC, at any rate, has fresher and less mechanical situation comedies than CBS, and with its two *Peyton Place* programs it has proved to all television that audiences at night like sex and soap as much as audiences do in the daytime.

Score or Drop Out. CBS still has six of the top ten shows, so its loss is not entirely without honor; but where the profits show, in the overall sampling of the total mass of people who watch a given network during a given minute, CBS has lost millions of fans. CBS-TV President James T. Aubrey Jr. has built his success on cold formula; quality be damned, programs either score high ratings or drop out. It would follow that the same criterion might apply to a TV president who lives by such a formula, and rumors are all over the industry that Aubrey's own rating is down—but not enough to be out.

There are 91 regularly scheduled shows in prime time. The top program this season is NBC's *Bonanza*, which has long since outshot all competition to become TV's preeminent Western. On the air five years, *Bonanza* stars Lorne Greene as a late 19th century Nevada rancher who talks softly and with psychiatric insight while combatting, say, a half-breed horse thief, who was the heavy in this week's show. The dialogue uses pithy aphorisms ("When you are only half of something, you are really half of nothing"), which eventually works its way toward a modern

message: "Never feel guilty about having warm human feelings toward anyone." The episodes are surprisingly plotted and seek variety in the bizarre: next week a knight in armor rides out of the purple sage and rams his lance through a stagecoach door.

Over and Over. The second-highest rated show is ABC's *Bewitched*, in which Elizabeth Montgomery (TIME, Oct. 30) goes on "twitching her nose into other people's business," as the dialogue put it last week, reassembling broken vases, halting rainstorms, and engineering marriages through her special talents as an authentic but broomless witch. If the ratings are correct, some 12 million people watch this show each week, in which the same sort of thing happens over and over again—something breaks, the girl's nose twitches, the film is run backwards, the broken object is whole again, time in again next week, same time, same staple.

CBS's Gomer Pyle or Simple Simon. U.S.M.C., has scored third highest in the ratings. Like *Bewitched*, *Gomer* is a new show this year, and it is unusual for two out of the top three programs to be new ones. But it is not unusual to have an apple of Appalachia like Marine Private Gomer Pyle, played by Jim Nabors, as a high-rated hero; CBS's *Beverly Hills* has a whole basketful, and last year was No. 1 for the second year running. This year it has dropped to 17, and ABC's Moore, who sees programming as a "chess game," thinks, "CBS made a tactical error." Last year it was preceded by *Suspense*, a program aimed at riveting its viewers to one station: this year *Hillbillies* is preceded by CBS Reports, fourth from the bottom in ratings.

Sump Pit. The balance of the top ten includes, in order, *The Fugitive* (ABC), *The Andy Griffith Show* (CBS), *The Red Skelton Hour* (CBS), *The Munsters* (CBS), *The Lucy Show* (CBS), *The Jackie Gleason Show* (CBS), and—No. 10—*Peyton Place II* (ABC). The bottom ten shows, naturally enough, include in the sump pit nearly all those that an educated viewer would turn to—CBS's *World War I*, which holds absolute last place, *The Bell Telephone Hour*, CBS Reports, and *Slattery's People*, which is one of the few faintly commendable dramatic shows on the air.

This may be Jack Benny's last year. From No. 16 a year ago, he has declined to No. 62. Jack Paar—No. 50 to No. 71—is doing worse than Benny. Joey Bishop—37, now 89—is doing worse than Paar. Allen Funt's *Candid Camera*, No. 13 a year ago, is now No. 34. Into gaps left by dropped shows, NBC will put a popular-music show called *Hullabaloo* and an imitation *Fugitive* called *Branded*, set in the 1880s and starring Chuck Connors as a discredited West Pointer. CBS is doing some elaborate switching, trying out a dozen shows in one another's time slots to see if audiences will respond. The most notable change involves *CBS Reports*, which was on the air during the children's hour, Wednesday at 7:30 E.S.T., and has been moved to Monday at the adult hour of 10.

ABC's *Peyton Place* situation indicates, finally, how little the intrinsic merit of a program has to do with its rating. *Peyton Place* is broadcast twice a week—the first program ever to provide such a test for the meaning of ratings—and, as continuing nighttime soap opera, both parts are essentially the same. Yet *Peyton Place II*—Thursday, 9:30 p.m. E.S.T.—is No. 10 on the air, and *Peyton Place I*—Tuesday, 9:30 p.m. E.S.T.—is No. 30. Clearly, the time slot a show occupies has as much to do with ratings as any other factor. Television, moreover, has become so flavorless and homogeneous that many people obviously turn it on only to kill time; the viewer's schedule of other activities influences ratings too. What is regularly on the air can be far less vital than when the set owner happens to be watching.

BROADWAY

Goodbye Mary, Hello Richard

There was nothing contrary about *Mary, Mary*. When Jean Kerr's comedy closed last week after 196 weeks and 1,572 performances, it had taken in nearly \$6,000,000 at the box office, another \$4,000,000 from the touring company, and \$400,000 from Warner Bros. for movie rights. Was *Author Kerr*, whose more serious *Poor Richard* had opened to mixed reviews a week and a half before, sorry to see *Mary* go? "It did \$18,000 last week, and it's

Of TV homes with their sets tuned in during an average minute.

sort of sad it has to close," she said. When did she feel Mary's lease on life was running short? When the curtain went up recently and ten minutes later an outraged voice in the audience cried "My God, I saw this damn thing."

ACTORS

The Man in the Green Lenses

Zbigniew Cybulski may have an unpronounceable name, but women in a couple of dozen countries have developed a sudden passion for linguistics in order to fondle his exotic consonants. Poland's Cybulski, now 37, is the first international film star in the celebrity sense, to come from behind the Iron Curtain. He first became known in the West when his Polish pictures *The Generation* and *Eighty Days of the Week* won critical praise in Western countries and *Ashes and Diamonds* took numerous festival prizes. Now he has begun to appear in films made in Western nations. His newest is *To Love*, a Swedish valediction forbidding the death of sex, in which Cybulski and Sweden's Harrier Andersson spend four-fifths of their time inventively in bed (TIME, Dec. 4).

The trademark of Zbigniew (was Zbig-nieff) Cybulski has been his sunglasses with green lenses—worn all the time, day and night, interior or exterior. The glasses rest on the bridge of a nose that is short and running to pug, and behind them is the meaty face of an unusually handsome center linebacker, so it is not surprising that the only film in which he has ever shed his shades is *To Love*, and then only for those moments when they would have been a hindrance to sensuality. But in his next Polish picture, *Manuscript Found in*

Barcelona, he plays a Catalonian army captain, and has been forced to abandon his glasses altogether. "But generally," he says, "without my glasses I can only play frightened and unfortunate men."

Relaxed Controls. Despite all that, Cybulski is not a typical film star hiding a bushel or inadequacies under the half-light of tinted glass. He is a good actor and a consummate man of the theater, a stage director, a writer of screenplays, and producer of his own avant-garde theater group. While at Cracow University he joined a student theatrical group and found his real profession when he toured the Polish provinces. "That was shortly after the war," he says. "The people who had witnessed all the horrors of the Nazi occupation felt mentally sterilized. Reciting to them the verses of our poets, I could read in people's eyes how deeply they were moved and how much longing they had for art."

In the mid '80s state controls over the Polish film industry were relaxed, and young Polish film makers began to flourish. Cybulski's fame as an actor rose simultaneously. More than any other film, Andrzej Wajda's 1958 *Ashes and Diamonds* established him both in Poland and beyond. He played an underground worker ordered to kill a man whose life he saw no sense in taking; he played the role trenchantly and in the end died himself, miserably twitching shot down in an empty lot full of rubble. "We've never seen anyone die like that," wrote one French critic. "This extraordinary actor with such an unpronounceable name! But we will never forget the face."

Vistula Sound. Cybulski now lives in Warsaw, is married to a painter whose specialty is icons, and has a four-year-old son. He goes West often. In cinema circles in Paris, he is a welcome host of a figure. At Les Halles, he once lost his temper and tore singlehandedly into a group of German legionnaires. Waitresses have been known to drop their trays at a glint from his green glasses.

Parisian moviegoers once called him "le jeune Dean polonaise," but producers and directors, who have learned to put up with his rise-at-noon, work-until-4 a.m. schedule, protest that he is far more. "A fine actor, a real comedian, a force of nature who never gets tired, and a true friend." As evidence of the latter they like to cite the story of a group of Polish jazz musicians—total strangers to Cybulski—who told him that if they could not find work they would have to leave France and go back to Warsaw. Cybulski walked the streets with a French friend until he finally hooked the Polish combo into a place called the Tabou. For weeks after that, Cybulski carried leather bags around Paris advertising the Tabou's fabulous tour-some with the Vistula sound, and proclaiming: "Jazz is not a capitalist exclusive." Nor, for that matter, are legendary film stars.

Are you in a filet mignon, lobster thermidor, Chateaubriand, roast pheasant rut?

Wakefield's offers you a way out—with Giant Alaska King Crab. This denizen of cold Alaskan waters comes to you in king sized chunks of sweet and tender meat, or as crab legs in the shell, either split or whole. The flavor of King Crab is delicious—as fresh as the icy Arctic waters where Wakefield catches and freezes it.

Wakefield's Alaska King Crab is obliging, too—a pleasure to prepare. You can serve it just as it comes from the package with your favorite sauce, or you can quickly turn it into unique seafood casseroles and cocktails, impressive main dishes, or after-the-show snacks, using your own recipe or one of ours.

So any time you want a delicious change of fare, think Wakefield's. The King that's fit for a feast.

Recipes are on every Wakefield package. And you can have our 10 Food Editor recipes free just by writing WAKEFIELD'S, Dept. T-1, Box 577, Mount Vernon, New York.



ZBIGNIEW CYBULSKI
Knowing how to die well.



THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Free Press & Fair Trial

During his trial on charges of swindling fellow Texans—to say nothing of assorted banks and financing companies—Billie Sol Estes objected vehemently to the presence of TV cameras in the courtroom. His objections were overruled; Estes was convicted and sentenced to eight years. In agreeing to consider his appeal last week, the Supreme Court did not concern itself with Billie Sol's guilt or innocence. The sole question before the court is whether his unwilling TV performance prejudiced his right to a fair trial.

Whatever the eventual decision, it could affect more than TV's tireless insistence on sharing the newsman's right

ion that the press is less concerned with impartial justice than with unthrottled crime coverage. It is an attitude that found support in the Warren Commission's report on the Kennedy assassination. "The promulgation of a code of professional conduct governing representatives of all news media," said the commission in summing up, "would be welcome evidence that the press had profited by the lesson of Dallas."

That newspapers often try, and frequently decide, criminal cases well in advance of judicial process is a fact that even editors do not deny. This year a convicted wife-murderer, Dr. Sam Sheppard of Cleveland, was released for retrial after ten years in prison because a federal judge agreed with Sheppard's contention that Cleveland papers had

has withered away," said Claude R. Sowle, associate dean of Northwestern University School of Law. "My basic confidence in the wisdom, effectiveness and good taste of a free press has grown considerably."

Discussions on the relative rights of a defendant and the newsman covering his trial, rarely produce such reasonable comment. "No so-b judge can tell me what to put in my paper," said a Massachusetts newspaper editor, in the course of a discussion convened to frame a voluntary code for newspaper coverage of court procedure. Replied the judge: "And no so-b editor is going to force me into a mistrial."

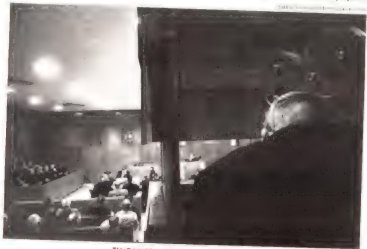
House Cleaning. As far as the press is concerned, any censoring of prejudicial pretrial testimony is the court's problem. And the fact is, the police, lawyers for both prosecution and defense, and judges themselves, have all betrayed a strong inclination to argue cases in the newspapers.

In 1956, when the FBI made its first arrests in the Brink's heist in Boston, J. Edgar Hoover's announcement, carried by both national wire services, prematurely declared that "intensive investigation by the FBI for the past six years has resulted in the solution of the million dollar Brink's robbery. Of the eleven members of the gang responsible for the robbery, the FBI this morning arrested six." When word leaked to the Chicago Daily News that two of the six cops arrested for burglary in 1960 were ready to talk in exchange for lighter sentences, the paper refused at first to publish the story, even though the city's other dailies did. The News suspected that it came from defense attorneys interested in getting it printed so that they could claim a mistrial.

"I would not ask the news media to change their practices, until we in the legal profession admit that our own house is in need of cleaning," says James R. Thompson, assistant state's attorney for Cook County (Chicago), Ill. Laws prohibiting prejudicial pretrial talk by court and law-enforcement officials are already on the books in 30 states, and these statutes reflect a 50-year-old canon of the American Bar Association. But the A.B.A. has never invoked its canon.

Voluntary Codes. Whatever the Supreme Court's decision in the Billie Sol Estes appeal, the television industry has yet to demonstrate the ability to render the TV camera as unobtrusive a court visitor as the pen-and-pencil newsman. And whatever view the Justices take about the big eye's right to be considered a court reporter, their ruling promises to have powerful impact on the profession of journalism, which is jealously possessive of its freedom.

In an effort to avoid outside encroachment, the press in two states, Massachusetts and Oregon, has already adopted voluntary codes that circumscribe the reporting of court procedures. The Massachusetts guide, for



TV CAMERA IN ESTES COURTROOM
Not a question of guilt or innocence.

to cover trials. In accepting Estes' appeal, the Supreme Court involved itself in the kind of quarrel that has been stirred up whenever the press, in the exercise of its constitutionally guaranteed freedom, is accused of infringing a defendant's constitutionally guaranteed right to a fair trial.

The Lesson of Dallas. The longstanding controversy is picking up fresh impetus. Last week Jon O. Newman, U.S. Attorney for Connecticut, ordered his staff to tell reporters nothing that might prejudice a defendant's rights. "If in doubt," admonished Newman's memo, "keep silent." A New Jersey Supreme Court judge recently imposed a similar silence on every lawyer and policeman in the state. In Rochester, N.Y., two men awaiting trial on gambling charges won a temporary injunction against publication of their police records by a local newspaper. If such intelligence got out, they claimed, it would impair their chances for an impartial trial. After a few days, however, the court canceled the injunction.

Such actions reflect a prevalent opin-

ion so inflamed public opinion as to destroy all possibility of cool justice.

Six years ago, Chicago papers seemed equally determined to convict a suspected killer, **TERRORIST HARRY COOK ADMITS SLAYING WOMAN IN PARK**. ran one banner headline that was only part of a noisy press chorus demanding swift court retribution for the crime. This sort of coverage did not abate until Cook's trial jury, obviously unresponsive to newspaper suggestion, acquitted the defendant.

Legal Support. Cook's release despite the energetic newspaper campaign to have him executed, is cited by defenders of the press's habit of trying cases in print. At discussions on press freedom and fair trial, Managing Editor Robert C. Notson of the Portland Oregonian has repeatedly and vainly asked lawyers and judges to name one occasion on which hostile newspaper publicity helped convict an innocent man.

But newspapers are not without support in the legal profession. "My original view that pretrial publicity is generally harmful to our system of justice

example, which is followed by half the dailies in the state, suggests that papers refrain from printing court testimony that has been stricken from the record, pretrial confessions, and criminal records unless introduced as evidence.

But most editors and publishers still resist formal rules of procedures. "I can envision no machinery that would make possible the absolute enforcement of any code without doing violence to freedom of the press," says Managing Editor Clifton Daniel of the New York Times. His sentiment is heartily endorsed by Editor Richard W. Clarke of the New York Daily News. "As long as there's no law prohibiting the publication of court information," said Clarke, "we'll get it and we'll print it."

COLUMNISTS

Life Imitates Art

There has been a lot of discussion as to whether J. Edgar Hoover should be asked to resign from the FBI after his recent remarks about Martin Luther King and the Warren Report," wrote Syndicated Columnist Art Buchwald last week. "I can now reveal for the first time why President Johnson can't ask J. Edgar Hoover to resign. The reason is J. Edgar Hoover doesn't exist. He is a mythical person first thought up by the *Reader's Digest*." Buchwald went on to develop his theme: that even the name was a phony, attached over the years to 26 "hired people" who took turns posing as the FBI's non-existent chief.

As usual, Buchwald was only kidding. But his column, syndicated in 207 newspapers, reaches millions of readers, not all of whom saw through his whimsical apt. Soon newspapers all over were fielding telephone calls from anxious subscribers seeking assurance that there really was a J. Edgar Hoover, or angrily offering to prove Buchwald wrong. "Hundreds took Buchwald seriously, and thought he was just misinformed," reported the Austin (Tex.) Statesman.

In Phoenix, a similar avalanche of reader inquiries inspired the Arizona Republic to set the record straight with some whimsy of its own in an editorial entitled, "YES VIRGINIA..." Said the Republic: "Telephones have not stopped ringing as one after another caller has demanded that we either present proof that Hoover does in fact exist or else print a retraction. After a thorough day-long investigation, the Republic is now in a position to report that J. Edgar Hoover does in fact exist and is in the best of health. What our investigators further turned up is the fact that Art Buchwald does not exist. He is a mythical person first thought up by *MAD* magazine."

A reference borrowed from an 1897 edition in the New York Sun, written in response to a letter from a worried eight-year-old girl, assuring her: "Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Santa Claus."



**Secret thoughts
of a package
watcher**

"...I bet that tall, blue
and gold package is for me. If
my wife got the message, it just
has to be White Horse Scotch®!"

"People all over the world are giving
White Horse Scotch this season."

General Electric computers
solve problems.

“Not mine - they’re different.”

Most businessmen’s are. That’s why
G.E. skips the pat answers and sends
the Problem Solvers instead.

“Who?”

Our systems experts—
the Problem Solvers. They’ll study
your problems. And if they can’t show you
how to solve them and cut your
costs in the bargain, General Electric
won’t even try to sell you a computer.

“That’s fair enough.”

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

TIME, DECEMBER 18, 1964

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

A Question of Psychology

In their offices just across from the White House, the President's hard-working economic advisers are expected to stay on the job until they see the lights blink off in Lyndon Johnson's Oval Room. Last week their lights burned even later than usual as the members of the Council of Economic Advisers grappled with a problem that deeply affects U.S. business: how to keep the economy expanding well into 1965. The council members—and many businessmen—are concerned about speculation that the economy is showing signs of age after its 45-month expansion, and that there is little on the horizon to keep it rising rapidly beyond next year's first half. Business psychologists, after all, is an important ingredient in the advance, and no one wants to see it turn bad.

Quite a few experts are warning businessmen against talking themselves into a slowdown. "The majority of forecasters are too pessimistic," said James O'Leary, vice president of the Life Insurance Association of America, in a speech in Manhattan. The speculation about a leveling-off in 1965 has already led to a certain nervousness, notably in the stock market. Since reaching an all-time high of 891 four weeks ago, the Dow-Jones industrial average has retreated 27 points. Depressed by all the talk, as well as by Britain's financial crisis, it fell 6½ points last week. The usual year-end rally could still occur—the market has risen in 50 of the last 67 Decembers—but last week's decline pretty well dashed the hopes of the bulls who had expected it to crack 900 by New Year's Eve.

Some Doing. Many businessmen are hoping that Lyndon Johnson's year-end policy statements about the economy will put some fizz back into business psychology. "My guess and my hope is that he will turn up confidence-building statements," said Raymond Saulnier, former chief economic adviser under President Eisenhower.

There is, in fact, plenty of basis for confidence. In industries as diverse as rubber, furniture and electronics, top officials last week reported record sales for 1964—and said that they expect to do at least as well in 1965. The steelmakers have already surpassed 1958's production record of 117 million tons and are well on their way to a 125 million-ton year; the automakers last week set an all-time weekly production peak of 223,500 cars. Personal income is rising by an average of almost \$2 billion a month, and retail sales, running 4% ahead of last year, are headed for an all-time high at Christmas.

Precisely because the economy has performed so splendidly in 1964, the

Government's policymakers realize that it will take some doing to maintain the momentum in 1965. Last week, the Commerce Department predicted that capital spending in next year's first half will rise 8½% to an annual rate of \$42.7 billion—a good gain, but not as great as this year's 14%. The consensus of economists is that the gross national product, which rose 6.7% this year, is due for an advance of some 5% next year, to \$655 billion. While that might seem satisfactory, it would neither significantly increase corporate profits nor reduce unemployment.

New Approach. To give the economy a greater lift, Chief Presidential Economist Gardner Ackley and his col-

WALL STREET

The Profitless Wonder

When the stock of the Communications Satellite Corp. went on the market six months ago at \$20 a share, demand for it was so great that brokers rationed it to 50 shares or less per customer and only the favored few got their piece of space. But professional Wall Streeters generally stood aloof, willing to sell it but not so willing to buy. Comsat might become the bluest of space-age blue chips, they said, but that was many profitless years away. The professionals failed to assess properly the romance of space and, as a result, vastly underestimated Comsat's



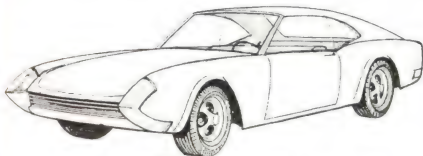
COMSAT TRADING POST ON NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Thrust into orbit by the romance of space.

leagues on the council are reading several plans for further tax cuts and M.I.T.'s influential Paul Samuelson has strongly counseled President Johnson to push federal spending "above the psychological level of \$100 billion." The Administration figures that it will have no trouble cutting excise taxes by as much as \$3 billion, but it also plans to revive the concept of "temporary" reductions in income taxes that Congress turned down when it was forwarded by John Kennedy in 1961. Instead of asking for full presidential power to act, as Kennedy did, Johnson has in mind a plan by which the President would only propose a temporary act, leaving Congress with the power to act upon it. The Government's economists feel that the quick success of the 1964 tax cut, plus Congress' recent tolerance of budget deficits, makes the acceptance of such a proposal "very likely."

continued attraction for investors. The stock has been rising almost steadily for three months, and last week it soared in a speculative orbit all its own.

Flabbergasted Street. Opening on Monday at 55½, Comsat danced all over the tape as the week's most active stock, then closed on Friday at 64½. The flood of buy orders twice forced the Stock Exchange to delay Comsat's opening, and trading once had to be suspended for two hours. The Federal Communications Commission ordered an "informal" inquiry to make sure that in the speculative rush foreign ownership had not exceeded its 20% legal limit. The stock hit a record high of 66½ after Comsat announced plans to start the first commercial service between North America and Europe next May with its "Early Bird" satellite. Wall Streeters were still flabbergasted. "It would have been unparliamentary to expect it to go down," said Merrill Lynch



OLDSMOBILE "HOLIDAY" SKETCH

A lead from Da Vinci and a bold step into controversy.

Vice President La Rue Applegate, "but we never expected this run up."

One big reason for the run up is the stock's short supply. Half of Comsat's 10 million outstanding shares have been held from the start by 163 U.S. communications companies; the others are held by more than 200,000 individuals, most of whom still own fewer than 50 shares each and who show little inclination to part with them. Mutual funds and insurance companies have been grabbing large blocks when they could. The Street had expected many of the initial investors to cash in their capital gains as soon as they crossed the six-month tax divide, thus causing a big sell-off and falling prices. Professionals thus sold an estimated 100,000 shares short, borrowing the stock to sell at a high price and figuring to repay it at a lower price. But after Dec. 3, the first date on which investors could take capital gains, the price went higher instead of lower, forcing short-sellers to scramble to cover their losses and sending the stock even higher. Many brokers, fearing that Comsat could be riding for a fall, got on the telephones last week to warn their customers away.

Risk-Filled Infancy. The Comsat corporation, whose officers are understandably nervous about the fast rise and anxious not to encourage it, is still not expected to take in a dime for another six months, or show a profit or declare a dividend for at least four years. It has not even decided how much to charge for its services; rate schedules will be submitted to the FCC by Feb. 1. Though Comsat had hoped to own the series of ground stations to transmit satellite signals, the FCC announced last week that it will also consider customer ownership; Comsat must await a ruling on this matter before it can set up any stations. And not until after next May's "Early Bird" tests can Comsat choose which of three possible satellite systems to use in its network. Only when that decision is made, probably late next year, will Comsat be set to push on toward putting a full global communications network into operation by the end of 1967.

Despite all these risks and doubts and delays, investors in Comsat are obviously hoping that they are getting in on what will be the A.T. & T. or the G.M. of the future.

AUTOS

New Drive at G.M.

In Detroit, where secrets are hard to keep, General Motors has for many months been working on a top-secret project: a new and sporty-looking Oldsmobile that will be the first U.S. auto to have front wheel drive since the 1937 Cord. The new car—code-named "Holiday"—is a 1966 model that G.M. plans to introduce next fall.

The Holiday is bound to be controversial. Ever since Leonardo da Vinci proposed one in 1500, men have been designing vehicles with front wheels that provide the traction or driving power, rear wheels that merely go along for the ride. Today, more than a dozen small European cars have front wheel drive, and both Renault and Peugeot announced last week that they would market new models in 1965. But Detroit has always been wary, discouraged by the performance and cost of experimental models. The Holiday is thus a bold G.M. step into an area where rival U.S. automakers and even other G.M. divisions have feared to tread.

Spinning a Problem. Experimental cars tested by Detroit have tended to oversteer on curves, sometimes spinning out of control—a problem that the smaller, less powerful European cars have not encountered. Cars with front wheel drive have also proven less efficient on steep grades, noisier at low speeds. Their power must be transmitted to the independently sprung and swiveling front wheels rather than to fixed rear wheels, requiring a more complex axle that could cost Oldsmobile \$150 more per car than the conventional drive. Says a rival Big Three executive, "Front wheel drive is just not worth the added cost in a conventional American car."

Oldsmobile has apparently solved the mechanical problems, hopes that the advantages of front wheel drive will more than pay for its added cost. Because front wheel power eliminates the need for a long drive shaft and a rear-axle differential, the Holiday will have a flat, low floor without a center tunnel or differential hump, more room for passengers and luggage. Front-wheel traction and more weight at the front will make the car more stable on windy days and on icy roads. Per-

haps even more important to Oldsmobile, the novelty of its new car should draw many additional prospects into Oldsmobile showrooms, where they may gape at the Holiday but buy a conventional model.

Wrapping a Drive. To further entice customers, Oldsmobile has wrapped its front wheel drive into a handsome, five-passenger hardtop that will be the biggest yet of Detroit's growing fleet of cars with lastback roofs. The Holiday will be 210 in. long, weigh about 4,100 lbs., come equipped with a 425-cu.-in. engine and cost about \$4,400—a price that places it in direct competition with Ford's Thunderbird, which still dominates the luxury sports-car market. To absorb some of the Holiday's development costs, G.M. is making many of its parts interchangeable with the 1966 Buick Riviera, which could be adapted to front wheel drive at a later date.

The Holiday has even created a behind-the-scenes controversy within General Motors. Oldsmobile's new general manager, Harold Metzler, 60, is an enthusiastic devotee of front wheel drive, apparently has been backed by G.M. President John Gordon and Group Vice President Ed Cole. Others in G.M.'s hierarchy are hesitant, and both the Chevrolet and Pontiac divisions have flatly rejected the concept. This discussion is only normal at G.M., where interdivisional rivalry—more than anything else—gives the big corporation its four-wheel drive.

MANAGEMENT

Era of the Seven-League Sell

One of the 20th century's greatest romances is between the businessman and the jet. Of the passengers on U.S. domestic flights, a remarkable 86% are businessmen. Their rush to take advantage of the jet's speed and convenience has not only helped to hike airline bookings and earnings (trunkline profits so far in 1964 are up 94% to \$158 million), but is also having profound effects on the very methods of doing



EXECUTIVES ON AMERICAN AIRLINES JET
Higher efficiency and lower hotel bills.

business. "I can reach our principal distributors in Phoenix, Denver, Salt Lake or Spokane in two hours," says Los Angeles' Thomas A. Welch, western regional sales manager for Carrier Corp. "What's happened is nothing less than a revolution."

Here Comes the Boss. Everyone from chief executive to chief clerk seems to be flying for the company, but no one has felt the revolution's effect quicker than salesmen. Once they plodded from stop to stop with a sample case jammed into a Pullman berth; today they jet across greatly expanded territories while their sample cases ride in the luggage compartment as air freight rather than as expensive excess baggage. In the era of the seven-league sell, salesmen also have to be more alert. Sales managers jet around, too, and more often than not they skim off big and previously inaccessible customers for the home-office account. Then there are the more frequent visits from the top. "Any time the boss is in an area," says Earl C. Janson, manufacturing director of Beckman Instruments, "you're bound to increase the energy level."

With jets, bosses move about more because they can't sit out and back late enough to prevent piled-up paperwork. "We now have a tendency to make a trip for a two-day meeting that we would have put off before," says Lear Siegler Vice President John J. Burke. At Bell & Howell, six ranking officers will use the ordinarily dead week after Christmas for a jet swing to pep meetings in Cleveland, New York and Los Angeles, returning to Chicago in time for New Year's with their families. Many travelers never glimpse the city in which they have been set down, holding their meetings either in airport conference rooms or in the motels that ring every large terminal.

The jet trend brings lower hotel bills as well as higher efficiency. Bankers and buyers travel to New York's money and merchandise markets more often, but for shorter lengths of time. The length of occupancies in Manhattan hotels has dropped from 3 days to 2.2 days per guest with the advent of the jets. "We go to New York at the drop of a hat," says Vice President Brown Meggs of Hollywood-based Capitol Records. "The jet has made the whole thing much more casual."

As Easy as Washington. It is also causing significant changes in corporate procedure. Lear Siegler now supervises eleven divisions with four corporate officers, who spend half their time traveling. International Harvester has disposed of five company planes, since commercial jets can do the job just as well. Company travel budgets have risen sharply: the Garrett Corp. of Los Angeles spends \$1,500,000 a year, or \$500,000 ten years ago.

Many companies now locate their plants as close as possible to airports, and an executive hunting for a home tends to keep in mind how many min-

utes he will have to allow before flight time. And while some large corporations are closing out now unnecessary branch offices because of the jet's ability to get their men to the territory fast, others are expanding. When small Technical Operations Inc. of Burlington, Mass., acquired a \$6,000,000 company in San Carlos, Calif., jet speed was a definite consideration in the deal. "If we couldn't get there readily," says Dr. Marvin G. Schorr, Techops' president, "we wouldn't have got involved. But it's as easy to do business there now as in Washington."

The once heroic 100,000-mile-a-year traveler has been superseded by the 250,000-mile man: both Kaiser Industries President Edgar Kaiser and Loew's Hotel President Preston R. Tishew flew that far last year. Jets also make it possible for prosperous executives to live in one climate and relax in another. Pan Am has a regular clientele of Manhattan businessmen who have bought winter homes in Nassau, jet from snow to sun weekends on an easy 2-hr. 50-min. flight.

INVESTMENT

Getting Comfortable

The \$29 billion mutual-investment-fund industry, a glamorous financial phenomenon of the '50s, fell into a long slump after the 1962 stock market dive. Now mutual funds are finally regaining popularity with the investing public. Last week the Investment Company Institute predicted that fund sales, after setting records for five months in a row, will climb 32% this year to an all-time record of \$3.25 billion—10% above the old peak set in the 1961 bull stock market. The dollar volume of shares cashed in by investors has dropped from 61% of sales last year to 52% since June, indicating that the public is once again beginning to view the funds with favor.

No Riches. How good is an investment in the funds? While the Dow-Jones industrial stock average climbed 20.7% from January of 1962 to the end of September this year, half of 20 leading diversified common-stock funds did better; five did about the same as the Dow-Jones, five worse.

Over the year ended last September the latest yardstick used by Manhattan's Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., the industry's Boswell, Penn Square Mutual shot up 29% (a 19% rise in the Dow-Jones industrials). Fidelity Trend rose 27% and the \$744 million Dreyfus Fund, whose symbolic lion gives its sales promotion a distinctive flair, climbed 23%. Among the big funds that emphasize a mixture of growth and income, United Accumulative Fund rose 17% and Affiliated Fund 16%. Massachusetts Investors Trust, the nation's oldest and second largest (\$2.1 billion assets), made a 15% gain. But most funds gained closer to 12%, and some, like the \$1.8 billion Wellington Fund (up 9%), lagged well behind the leaders.



Despite healthy rises, few of the more than 100 U.S. mutual funds promise to beat the stock averages. Says Vice President William B. Boswell of Investors Diversified Services, whose Investors Mutual Fund is the nation's largest (\$2.6 billion): "We're not trying to make people rich. We're trying to make them comfortable." Mutual Fund managers point out that automakers and oil firms account for most of this year's gain in the Dow-Jones industrials, and that many stocks in the average were selling last week at prices uncomfortably close to their 1964 lows: Allied Chemical at 52; v. a 1964 low of 51; Alcoa at 59; v. 59; American Can at 42; v. 40; A. I. & T. at 66; v. 65; Woolworth at 28; v. 27. Two key stocks hit new 1964 lows last week: U.S. Steel at 50; and General Foods at 78.

Lower Commissions? As the fund industry recovers, of course, the competition sharpens. Lehman Brothers' besieged One William Street Fund, whose redemptions ran \$9 for every \$1 of sales in the first half of this year, recently became the first big fund to give up the controversial "front-end load" on its contractual plans—under which Lehman deducted an 8% commission on the entire contract before investing its customers' money. Sears, Roebuck plans to enter the field on a nationwide scale in about 18 months, and insurance companies hope to grab some of the market with variable annuity plans. Many fund managers expect this new activity to produce pressure for lower sales commissions (now typically 6-8%), but many also welcome the competition. It could, as they see it, spread mutual funds into new areas, notably small towns, where the idea has not yet had much impact.

WORLD BUSINESS



G.M. OPEL LINE IN GERMANY



CYANAMID PLANT IN AUSTRALIA

A problem of pride as well as economics.



HANNA MINING IN BRAZIL

AMERICANS ABROAD

The Welcome Grows Cool

A change of attitude is taking place on the international scene that has potentially vast consequences for businessmen in the U.S. and in many other countries. In some parts of the world, particularly Western Europe, there is growing concern that heavy investments by U.S. industry threaten to dominate whole economies. U.S. businessmen last year increased their direct investments abroad by \$3.4 billion to a record \$41 billion. This year the rate is growing even faster, and the ubiquitous Yankee investors are drawing more and more cries of "dollar imperialism."

Ultrationalists in Brazil last week sought to block M. A. Hanna's plans to build a \$25 million iron ore port, even though the government seemed determined to approve the deal, and the Supreme Court will rule soon on whether any foreign company has a right to mine in Brazil. In Australia, where U.S. companies are investing at the rate of \$4,000,000 a week, the government is under mounting pressure to require partial local ownership of foreign subsidiaries. At a special luncheon in Paris, the *crème de la crème* of France's business leaders listened last week to dire predictions that their country may be overrun by an "invasion" of powerful U.S. corporations, whose investment there has risen to \$1.2 billion. Said René Sanson of the National Assembly's finance commission: "The potential of the U.S. scares me."

Giant Squeeze. No major country is ready to slam the door on U.S. businessmen, but the welcome is cooling most rapidly where recent American investments have been heaviest. As the flood of dollars shows no sign of receding, European businessmen are increasingly worried about being squeezed out by U.S. corporate giants, which have such a high scale of financing, research and marketing. In West Germany, where U.S. business has a \$2 billion stake and General Motors' Opel has become a formidable competitor of Volkswagen, German industrialists are beginning to

pressure the government to do something. While Italy still courts investments for its underdeveloped south, a former Cabinet minister has expressed "reservations" about the extent of U.S. capital in Italy. Even in countries that encourage U.S. investment, there has been increasing criticism that American business subsidiaries are a disruptive influence, overpaying and overhiring, then laying off local workers on short notice.

France has raised the loudest outcry, and has followed its words with action. Before French Deputies would endorse a draft of the government's fifth economic plan last month, they demanded that *Le Plan* be rewritten to deal more directly with the "colonization" of France through U.S. investments, which they believe to be the nation's No. 1 economic problem. The Deputies also voted to revise the tax laws to encourage mergers and to require foreign investors to buy stock in French companies only through French bourses, thus preventing another surprise takeover à la Chrysler-Simca.

Whose Caravelle? For the countries involved, there are a lot of complications and irritations in dealing with the problem of the overwhelming American presence. French businessmen concede, for example, that it is too late to regain control of certain sectors of the country's industry that are now dominated by U.S.-owned companies, such as food processing, synthetic rubber, farm machinery and electronic computers. The problem is also one of pride as well as of economics. It was almost more than President de Gaulle could bear when, earlier this year, he learned that he would not be able to promote his China policy by selling Caravelle jetliners to Mao Tse-tung. Reason: too much of the Caravelle's electronic equipment was American, and thus came under the U.S. Battle Act against trading with the enemy. In spite of all the complaints, many countries are unwilling, like France, to get really tough on foreign investors. They do not want to scare off the large infusions of money their economies need to keep growing.

EGYPT

Too Much & Too Little

Along with the Aswan Dam and new industry, President Nasser's ten-year development plan has given Egyptians a bigger appetite. Since the plan was started in 1960, it has added 1,000,000 workers to the country's payroll, increased both total national income and production by about 30%. It has thus given millions of Egyptians the wherewithal to improve their meager diets, and that fact has created a problem that the planners did not anticipate: an acute food shortage.

Egyptians can now afford to eat more than their farmers can produce. Demand for food has been twice as great as expected, and consumption of imported meat has soared 58%. Prices have spiraled, the black market flourishes and queues for food are an everyday sight in Cairo. Last week, faced with the unpleasant fact that a measure of austerity is the inescapable price of a crash development scheme, the government took the drastic step of banning the slaughter and sale of meat three days out of each week. It's back to corn and beans for the Egyptians on Sundays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, though tourist hotels will still be allowed to serve meat daily. Violators could get up to one year in jail. To ease the shortage, the government has also set aside \$90 million in precious foreign exchange to import Russian frozen fish and American chicken and canned meats.

SWEDEN

Bankers to the World

Everywhere in Sweden a traveler is likely to find *sminkeshord*, attractive women—and the 100-year-old Skandinaviska Bank. Ranging from a new, highly computerized branch at Sundsvall in the northern timberland to a modest cottage draped with a fishing net on the island of Tjörn, Skandinaviska's 284 branches thoroughly cover the country. While assiduously courting the rural shepherds and woodsmen, it does not overlook the city folk, either

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



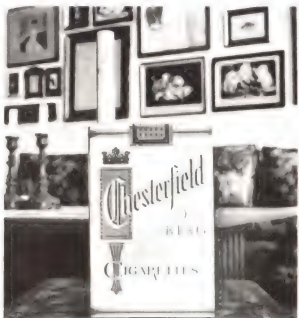
Nelson Reed, archeologist, Missouri



Aldo Parisot, concert cellist, Connecticut



Jeanne Boly, fashion designer, California



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at home or abroad. In the heart of Stockholm, it has for the past two years been bulldozing away hills and laying girders for an eleven-story stone-and-glass palace of money that is currently Sweden's biggest construction job. Last week the bank celebrated the festive "roof laying" at the building, into which it will move next spring, one year ahead of schedule.

Aggressive Thrust. Skandinaviska had to build in a hurry to keep up with its growth in Sweden and around the world. The bank handles one-third of Sweden's currency exchange and finances one-half of its exports. Thrusting aggressively overseas, it has bought an interest in a Moroccan bank, recently acquired control of a bank in Geneva and joined the Bahamas-based World Banking Corp. to gain a toehold

the lasting respect—and the banking business—of such large Swedish corporations as automaking Volvo and the ball-bearing giant SKF. Says Lars-Erik Thunholm, 50, one of the bank's three managing directors: "Caution alone could not make banking a creative force. Caution must be coupled with adventure." By successfully coupling them, Skandinaviska has proved anew that one plus one often adds up to much more than two.

BRITAIN

Ah, Those Colonials

During that "glorious time of great too much," as Poet Leigh Hunt described an English Christmas, the groaning board of the rich and titled is customarily supplied by a unique empo-

and mink-coat contingent can now shop at Fortnum's for women's wear, men's clothing, leather goods, linens, even TV sets. A toy department offers miniature Rolls-Royces and hand-carved rocking horses. The gifts department has a \$190 crystal champagne bucket and a \$700 crocodile-skin desk set. There is also an antique department in which almost nothing is less than \$1,000, and a boutique with the latest designs by St. Laurent. All of this change at first unsettled Fortnum's old customers. "It isn't that we have anything against Canadians," sighed one downer after Weston arrived. "It's just that Fortnum's has always been so completely British."

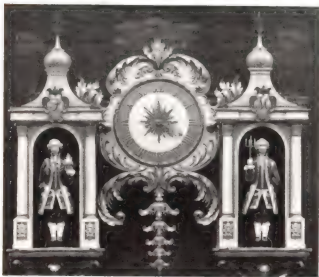
Founded by Hugh Mason and William Fortnum, a footman to Queen Anne, the store has been, in fact, a running footnote to British history. Fortnum's supplied Wellington's officers with hams and butter during the Napoleonic Wars and shipped 250 lbs. of concentrated beef tea to Florence Nightingale and her wounded in the Crimea. At home, Fortnum picnic hampers have always been *de rigueur* fare at Derby Day, Eton-Harrow cricket matches or an Oxford-Cambridge boat race. Dickens praised Fortnum's provender, and Benjamin Disraeli, after a hard day in Parliament, was met by his wife with "a pie from Fortnum and Mason's and a bottle of champagne." "My dear," he winked, "you are more like a mistress than a wife."

Bows All Around. While Weston has broadened merchandise lines, tightened operations and increased profits (\$540,000 before taxes this year), he has made shrewd concessions to Fortnum's traditional atmosphere. Cash registers have been installed for the first time, but their bells are muted. A soda fountain has been added, but its décor is decidedly British and it has become a popular teatime spot for London matrons. Weston also erected a mammoth exterior clock—Britain's biggest since Big Ben went up in 1859. From it, on the hour, 4-ft. figures of Founders Fortnum and Mason emerge through bronze doors and bow to each other, seemingly happy that a Colonial has managed to change their emporium while making his own bow to them.

SOVIET UNION

Ads for Ivan

Now that the Soviet Union is thinking more of consumers, it is borrowing another approach from the consumer-oriented capitalist world—advertising. The Russians have made a deal with the small Manhattan firm of S.S. Koppe to place ads from U.S. companies in Soviet trade publications. Purpose: to step up trade with the U.S. by stepping up trade promotion. Although the U.S. has exported some \$30 million worth of goods (excluding wheat) to the U.S.S.R. so far this year, it remains to be seen whether many U.S. companies want to buy ads there, and whether such ads would produce much business.



FORTNUM & MASON ON CLOCK
Turning wives into mistresses.



WESTON

in Latin America. It backed construction of a \$30 million paper plant in Portugal, and this year became the first Swedish bank since World War II to underwrite a foreign bond issue, for a Norwegian power project. All this activity has helped Skandinaviska in the past ten years to double its assets to \$1.5 billion.

Though second in size to the Svenska Handelsbanken and less renowned than the Wallenberg's Enskilda Bank (TIME, June 7, 1963), Skandinaviska has long been Sweden's foremost international bank and is widely regarded as its most modern and creative financial institution. In its earliest major deals a century ago, it raised money in Germany for Sweden's infant railroad and financed Swedish iron and timber exports. Skandinaviska also bankrolled the worldwide ventures of Swedish Match King Ivar Kreuger to the tune of \$65 million, and his collapse in the 1930s almost brought the bank down as well.

Caution & Adventure. Skandinaviska bailed out many of Kreuger's companies in a rescue operation that won it

rum named Fortnum & Mason Ltd. Fortnum's is the world's only grocery with wall-to-wall carpeting, chandeliers and morning-coated clerks, who preside over stacks of specialty foods that can quickly run a grocery order to sky-high figures. Christmas accounts for 25% of Fortnum's business; last week 700 employees hustled to fill orders from eminent customers for such items as Beluga caviar (\$44 a lb.), Stilton cheese, smoked Scotch salmon and *pâté de foie gras en croûte*, flown from Strasbourg. Almost every order includes that centerpiece of British Christmas, Fortnum's plum pudding, 70,000 of which will be sold in London or mailed around the world this year.

Not Quite So British. While all this seems quite traditional, the fact is that the Piccadilly store, dating back to 1707, is changing drastically under the direction of Garfield Weston (TIME, Oct. 26, 1962). Since the Canadian bread and grocery magnate (more than 700 stores in Britain) acquired Fortnum's in 1951, emphasis has shifted away from foods, Britain's bowler-hat

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Sue Lyon, 18, cinema-symph (*Lolita*) and teen tease (*The Night of the Iguana*): Hampton Fancher III, 26, sometime flamenco dancer, who was banned from the *Iguana* set for Lyonizing Sue; on grounds of mental cruelty; after ten months of marriage; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. By Dorothy Malone, 39, \$3,000-a-week star of *Peyton Place*. TV's serialized sexposé of small-town life: Jacques Bergerac, 38, French lawyer-actor previously married to Ginger Rogers; on grounds of extreme cruelty; after five years of marriage, two children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Sam Cooke, 32, Negro rock-'n'-roll singer who sold 10 million records (*You Send Me*, *Kissing Cousin*) in nine years, last spring advertised his appearance at a Manhattan nightclub with a 20-ft. by 100-ft. billboard that proclaimed "Sam's the biggest Cooke in town"; of bullet wounds inflicted by a motel proprietress when the singer burst in on her half-clad; in Los Angeles.

Died. Koji Harashima, 54, Japanese religious and political leader, a onetime schoolteacher who in 1940 joined the leftist Buddhist sect, Soka Gakkai (*TIME*, Dec. 11), rose to be its second-in-command and last month organized the movement's political arm, the Clean Government Party, which already ranks as the nation's third largest political force; of a heart attack; in Tokyo.

Died. Walter Gibson, 63, Wall Street broker widely credited as the sole inventor of the subversive martini that bears his surname; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. As a habitu  of the Ritz in Paris, Gibson gratified two hitherto mutually exclusive tastes, for dry gin and pickled pearl onions, by schooling the bartender to substitute a single *Allium cepa* for the conventional olive in his favorite cocktail. His claim was coldly, drily disputed, however, by those who attributed the gin-onion union to Artist Charles Dana Gibson or the late Will Gibson, Gene Tunney's primetime manager.

Died. Lord ("Billy") Rootes, 70, chairman and co-founder of the Rootes auto company and organizer of Britain's postwar export drive to the U.S., a ruddy, supercharged salesman who, with the help of his brother Sir Reginald Rootes ("I get the ideas and Reggie tells me why they can't be carried out"), turned his father's auto-sales firm into Britain's largest distributor by unloading cars as fast as they could be delivered, then, deciding that the manufacturers were "too sluggish," bought up the Hillman, Singer, Sunbeam and Humber automaking firms and led the raid on the U.S. economy-car market

in the early 1950s, making the family-owned Rootes Group such a profitable venture that Chrysler last year paid \$35.2 million for a 30% interest in the company; in London.

Died. Percy Kilbride, 76, Hollywood's "Pa Kettle," a skilled Broadway character actor who won havevedy fame as the first of the Beverly hillbillies, got so bored with lucrative Kettleboilers (seven in all) that he refused to make any more; of injuries suffered when a car struck him three months ago; in Los Angeles.

Died. Lord Marks, 76, Britain's foremost retailer, who built a string of penny bazaars founded by his father into the huge, thriving Marks & Spencer clothing chain (239 stores, annual sales of \$564 million), diverted much of his fortune to Jewish charities, notably Israel's Hebrew University and Weizmann Institute of Science; of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Dame Edith Sitwell, 77, peppery British poetess, whose acerbic verdicts on her critics were as memorable as her melodious verse; of a heart attack; in London (see *THE WORT*).

Died. Alma Werfel, 85, Viennese intellectual and wife to three gemenus, who took up with her second husband, Architect Walter Gropius, while still married to her first, Composer Gustav Mahler, had an illegitimate son by the late Austrian Novelist Franz Werfel (*The Song of Bernadette*), for whom she later divorced Gropius, explaining "the greater a man's achievements are, the more I love him"; of bronchitis, in Manhattan. In her autobiography she also told of her affair with Austrian Painter Oskar Kokoschka, said she was immortalized by Dramatist Gerhart Hauptmann ("In another life," he said, "we two must be lovers") and memorably serenaded by Russian Conductor Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Died. Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, 88, Railroad Tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt's regal great-granddaughter, who in 1895 became one of the first U.S. heiresses to join European nobility when her mother forced her into marriage with the Duke of Marlborough; of a stroke; in Southampton, N.Y. Duchess Consuelo gave Marlborough \$100,000 a year, dutifully carried out mother-in-law's first command—to bear a son to prevent "that little upstart Winston [Churchill] from inheriting the title—only to find that their children and her money were all that she and the duke had in common; in 1920 she divorced him to marry the late French Aviator Jacques Balsan, thereafter presided over the social life of the Riviera and her native Long Island.



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PAINTING

Grandeur in Decay

Perhaps only a city that grew up around a stockyard could appreciate the art of Ivan Albright, now 67. And last week there it all was, 60 works in Chicago's Art Institute in a fantasia of wattles, dewlaps and varicose veins, the lifetime work of Chicago's painter laureate. It is an exhibition for strong stomachs. Limbs were blotched and misshapen, rolls of flesh sagged swollen and pocked. In the background of the paintings were tumbles of battered objects, microscopically detailed, and all in ripe decay. Presiding over this exhumation was the master himself, smooth jowled, red cheeked and full of protesting innocence. "What I am really trying to do is to make a coherent statement about life," he said, "one that will force people to meditate a bit. I want to jar the observer into thinking, to make him uncomfortable. But I am not telling him what to think."

Fish from the Freezer. Uncomfortable the viewers most certainly were. Albright, who was tapped by Hollywood to portray Dorian Gray in his penultimate desuetude, collects adjectives like "loathsome," "gruesome," "morbid," "putrescent" and "repulsive" the way other painters collect gold medals. But, he protests, "in any part of life you find something either growing or disintegrating. Let's say I'm equally interested in growth and decay."

Albright, who got his start as a medical illustrator in a World War I base hospital, assembles his painting props with all the care of a pathologist preparing for an autopsy. For one painting, titled *Poor Room—There Is No Time, No End, No Today, No Tomorrow*,

Only the Forever, and Forever and Forever Without End, on which he has worked for 21 years, he selected each brick from a yard in Aurora, added a baby shoe lovingly plucked from an ash heap in Warrenville, and topped it off with a corset that belonged to his mother. One still life required him to keep fish in the freezer for three months, taking them out for three hours a day. "As soon as they began to thaw, I would stick them back in the freezer," he explains. Title of this work? *Ah God, Herries, Buys, the Glittering Sea, Why?* Confesses Albright brightly, "It sounded better than *A Bunch of Fish*."

Controlled Chaos. Albright also insists that live models be present while he paints. Among them have been a Mexican-Indian fisherman, a union leader and onetime bootlegger, an 81-year-old Rosicrucian monk, and Mary Lasker Block, the wife of a vice president of Inland Steel.

And yet for all the meticulous care Albright takes (the once painted Lincoln's portrait on each penny in a painting), he is far from being a mere copyist. "Everything in the canvas is fighting," he points out of *Poor Room*, etc. "Some objects are falling, others are rising, others are spiraling in a kind of controlled chaos. I compose in motion. I wish to create tension and conflict." Nor, after the first shock has passed, are his models bereft of their own kind of grandeur. Decay, once faced, gradually loses its morbid horror. Albright seems more the dedicated diamond cutter who positions his gem, then splits it into perfect fragments of glitter and decay. Albright's real goal is thus to make the viewer feel the precise sense of death implicit in life, and that split second when both are terribly real.



ALBRIGHT SELF-PORTRAIT (1935)

Out of morbidity, split diamonds.



"MEMORIES OF THE PAST" (1930)

The Plumed Serpents

Their lines lash, writhe and slither like snakes conjured out of enchanted paint pots. Their color is alive with serpentine swirls, and beneath the agitated surface can be glimpsed figures festooned like confetti-draped masqueraders. Not French, though living in Paris, and not American, for all the superficial resemblances to U.S. abstract expressionism, the artists are known by the acronym CORRA, derived from the first letters of the capital cities of their birth: Copenhagen, Brussels and Amsterdam (see color).

These northern Europeans, who claim as ancestors both such German expressionists as Emil Nolde and the Norwegian Edvard Munch, represent an increasingly individual point of view. Their kind of psychic improvisation takes its cue from dense color and tightly woven form. Fundamentally passionate paint slingers, they are equally adept with lithographs, a sampling of which went on view last week in Manhattan's Lefebvre Gallery. A few, such as Guggenheim International Prizewinner Karel Appel, are well known; others less publicized are:

- CORNEILLE (full name: Corneille Guillaume Beverloo), 42, was born in Belgium of Dutch parents. His splats and spatters of color mash nature out flat like culture-smear samples sandwiched between giant microscope slides. "I always need to latch onto exterior reality," he says, "but I don't do any preliminary work. It's like jazz taking a theme: the rest is spontaneous, emotional creation."

- ASGER JORN, 50, a Dane and a former pupil of Léger, makes art scampering with the mythical trolls who lurk in arctic forest shadows. Jorn has dissolved the haunted figures of Nolde and Munch. In his equally demonic fantasy, man remains only as dismembered memories in a decorative dream, a roiling Rorschach test of tortured, teasing sensibilities.

- PIERRE ALECHINSKY, 37, is a balding Belgian who claims that copying nature bores him. Yet, says he, "my work, provoked by emotion and spontaneity, will never be abstract. It will always represent man." But man is a strange creature to Alechinsky, brought up on a tradition of Hieronymus Bosch and James Ensor, and his provocations have led to a bestiary of amorphous animals, gloopy noggins, jumbles of legs. For him, "the canvas is a proving ground, not a screen to hide behind."

No misery, however, is implied in the colorism of CORRA. Bugged down in the dark morass of existential despair, most postwar European art either has lacked the tenacity of U.S. abstract expressionism or was bowled over by the impact of pop. CORRA's impish founders meld genial monsters with bright hues to make a joyful vision. Never sallow, stick nor stuffily sober, this art draws from dreams, not nightmares.

NORTH-COUNTRY ABSTRACTIONS



"CO" is for Copenhagen, "BR" for Brussels, "A" for Amsterdam. Put them together and you get COBRA, name of a group of European artists who parallel U.S. action painting.

Lithograph by Belgian-born Corneille (*above*) conjures up a park of red rocks and green trees; Denmark's Asger Jorn (*below*) clusters gobins of Nordic legend in swirling color.





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SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

Measuring Moisture For Chances of Life

The giant balloon hoisted the Johns Hopkins telescope 16 miles high—high enough to get it up above most of the dust and water vapor in the Earth's atmosphere, high enough for a clear look at the dark-blue daytime sky where stars and planets glow with hardly diminished brilliance. Most important of all, it was high enough for the mechanized scope to scan accurately the infrared rays from the sun that were being bounced off Venus.

Laboratory Match. Measured by the 180-million-mile voyage of the spacecraft Mariner II that took it within a scant 21,000 miles of Venus (TIME, Jan. 4, 1963), the telescope's short ascent seems puny indeed, and it cost the sponsoring Air Force an insignificant \$100,000. But the data it collected before it parachuted back to Earth promises to stir up a lively astronomical argument. Mariner confirmed earlier radiotelescope observations and reported that the Venusian surface is far too hot and dry to support any Earth-type life. The flying telescope got a vastly different slant. After careful analysis, says Hopkins Balloon Astronomer John Strong, he is convinced that the clouds hiding the Venusian surface are made of ice particles, just like the Earth's high clouds. And if Venus has that amount of water around, it may also have some sort of life.

By combining 120 separate spectro-

scopic measurements, Dr. Strong and his assistants got a smooth curve showing how strongly the Venusian clouds reflect different wave lengths of solar infra-red. This curve matched almost perfectly the reflection spectrum of an ice-crystal cloud observed in the laboratory. It was wholly different from the curves of dust, liquid carbon dioxide, liquid formaldehyde and the other noxious substances that are generally considered to be the content of Venusian clouds.

Far-Fetched Maneuver. Dr. Strong does not reject Mariner figures, only their interpretation. To take the temperature of a planet's invisible surface by radio is, he thinks, a far-fetched maneuver. All sorts of things besides hot rocks and dust can generate radio waves. They may come, for instance, from storms in the thick Venusian atmosphere, which is churned by twice as much solar energy as hits the Earth. Experts on cloud physics are finding that even gently turbulent clouds give off radio waves.

Dr. Strong also doubts the theory that the carbon dioxide known to be present in the atmosphere of Venus must trap sunlight by a "greenhouse effect" and necessarily make the surface too hot for living organisms. The ice crystals in the clouds, he believes, are so highly reflective that they bounce much of the sun's energy back into space before it gets anywhere near the planet's surface. Thus layers of the Venusian atmosphere may be comparatively cool, perhaps as cool as similar layers on the Earth.



"EXPLODING" GALAXY
A limit on new matter?

COSMOLOGY

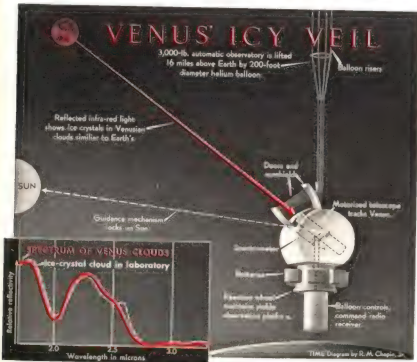
Procreation in Space

How was the universe created? At all at once, and billions of years ago, says the "big bang" faction of cosmologists, and not a single atom has been created since that explosion. "Continual creation" cosmologists take a different tack. They believe that the matter in the universe was created gradually and is still being created, probably as neutrons or hydrogen atoms in the lonely spaces between the galaxies. Not quite satisfied with either theory, Professor William H. McCrea of the University of London's Royal Holloway College now offers an improvement on continual creation. In the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, McCrea argues that matter is created in the places where matter is thickest, the dense centers of galaxies.

The biggest failing of the standard version of continual creation, says McCrea, is that almost no matter has been found between the galaxies. According to the theory, there should be 100 times as much in intergalactic space as in galaxies themselves. But it was always rather silly, McCrea thinks, to assign to space, which is the absence of matter, the ability to create tangible things such as hydrogen atoms. He bases his own theory on the principle that "continual creation of new matter is a property of existing matter depending upon its physical state."

In the McCrea universe, the galaxies are the breeding place of matter. Deep in their hearts new atoms appear, gathering together to form new stars or adding to the mass of old ones. Eventually the galaxy reaches a limit, breaks up and expels into space a clod of matter that forms the embryo of a young, growing galaxy. In accordance with some principle that McCrea does not claim to understand, new galaxies are born at the proper rate to fill the vacant spaces left by the general expansion of the universe.

Deep in space, many galaxies have recently been found that are apparently exploding. These "quasars" (quasi-stellar objects), give off more energy than any other bodies in the universe. If McCrea is right, they have created their limit of new matter and are in the throes of stupendous parturition.



THE THEATER

Thin Salami

Ready When You Are, C.B.I., by Susan Slade, is a stopped clock of a comedy. Every once in a while Julie Harris or the playwright shakes the thing and it ticks off a few farcical laughs, but for most of the evening C.B.'s immobile face tells no comic time at all.

Julie Harris plays a would-be actress who is too unnerved by auditions to try for any parts. Since her rent-controlled Manhattan apartment costs so little, she subtlets it and lives off her tiny capitalistic mite. Her latest boarder (Lou Antonio) is a big Hollywood stag hiding out from his studio. He has been afflicted with a bad case of that



JULIE HARRIS IN "C.B.I."
A smarmy boarder.

integrity rash that Hollywood celestials periodically get from banking lots of money.

Lou is an outgoing wench-charmer. Julie is miserly of person and property. She locks up salami in a wall safe, sets rattraps to maim any hand that gropes under the sofa for the hidden vodka, and religiously snaps off lights. Lou breaks into the salami safe and religiously snaps on lights. After this epic depiction of character, Playwright Slade can do nothing but tuck the two some in bed.

Julie Harris has always had a child's gift for being mischievously amusing and touchingly wistful at the same time, and she displays it again here. Since he is smarmy, rubber-legged, and given to fixed, fatuous grins, Lou Antonio is a more difficult taste to acquire. With comedies like *Barefoot in the Park*, *Any Wednesday*, *The Knack*, *Luv*, and *The Owl and the Pussycat* in competition, a play like *C. B.* is not an also-ran but a never-walked.

Finger Exercises in Dread

The Room and A Slight Ache. Harold Pinter's plays not only have plots; they often seem to be plots. He conspires to elude, delude, tease, frustrate, irritate, and mystify the audience, all of course to a highly salutary end. Pinter leads the playgoer very far from home to signify that something at the mysterious heart of human existence consists in being precisely there—very far from home. *The Room* and *A Slight Ache* are early Pinter one-acters of quasi-comic menace, not always dexterous but distinctly absorbing, the work of a man forming his own indelible dramatic signature.

The Room takes place in the cozy, mangy flat of Mr. and Mrs. Hudd. Mrs. Hudd (Frances Sternhagen) tongue-rattles along at a great rate—about the icy weather through which her husband (Clarence Felder) must drive his van, about the unoccupied basement apartment she fears is occupied, about the tea and toast and trivia that mortise daily life. The landlord, who may not be the landlord, enters and reminisces about his mother and sister, who may or may not have been Jewish. After the landlord and the husband depart, a young apartment-hunting couple intrude with the disconcerting news that the Hudds' apartment is supposed to be unoccupied.

Agitatedly, the landlord reappears to tell Mrs. Hudd that a man in a darkened room in the basement demands to see her. The man proves to be a blind Negro (Robert Earl Jones) who begs her to come home and implies that he is her father. Mr. Hudd returns, savagely batters the Negro to the floor, and as the curtain starts to drop, Mrs. Hudd turns blind. There are no safe guesses when it comes to Pinter, but a half-safe guess is that the blind Negro is Death or Fate, the ultimate invaders of cozy islands of tranquillity.

A Slight Ache lasts longer but makes its point quicker and clearer. Edward and Flora, a husband and wife, are enjoying a sunlit view of their country-house garden. He (Henderson Forsythe) is a scholar of distant cultures. She (Frances Sternhagen) is a busy suburban bee. Edward is obsessively irked by a human blight just beyond the garden, an aged, decrepit matchseller who haunts the forsaken site from dawn to dusk with no prospect of selling matches. Edward invites the old man into the house to have it out with him. The matchseller looks like a cross between a Skid Row derelict and a desert-baked Bible prophet, and he remains silent throughout the play. For Edward, the matchseller is the mirror image of his fears and failures, and in self-defensive, self-incriminating monologues, Edward crumbles like dry rot.



BUM & HUSBAND IN "ACHE"
A mule guest.

For Flora, the matchseller reflects her desires and the need to love and cherish a man. Husband and bum reverse roles, and at play's end, Flora puts the matchseller's tray between Edward's nerveless fingers and grasps the old man's hand in hers.

The spirit of Edgar Allan Poe hovers over these playlets, not only in brooding menace, but in the sealed and airless abodes where characters are filled with the breath of death. The actors seem perfectly attuned to this death's dream kingdom, most notably Frances Sternhagen, who is scrupulously convincing as she shifts from the droning drab of *The Room* to the animated superficial niceties of professional wifeliness in *A Slight Ache*.

These early dramas were Pinter's finger exercises on the theme of dread. Later, he wrote his symphony of fear in *The Caretaker*. He is a master of the theater of equivalence—finding opaque stage symbols of terror that match and fuse with the nameless panic that modern-day playgoers bring into the theater with them. What he may hopefully achieve in the future is a new and transcending vision that pierces and subordinates fear.



STERNHAGEN, JONES & FELDER IN "ROOM"
A blind visitor.

Beware: there are 7 more Danger Days that can trap you into giving Pinch before Christmas.

You probably won't admit it. But you have a Big Soft Heart. And the 7 Danger Days could have a philanthropic effect.

You could be passing out the Pinch with both hands when you shouldn't.



Pinch is much too good and much too expensive to give for anything but Galas! Natal Days! Sentimental-Remember-Whens! And Times of Rejoicing! Like Christmas. But between now and Christmas you and your Big Soft

Heart will be faced with some pretty strong temptations.

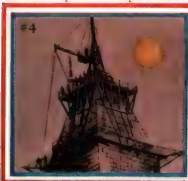
The Hudson River froze over on the 10th of December in 1814 (#1).

On the 11th a dentist first gave laughing gas (#2). Big days!



On the 14th, in '36 "You Can't Take It With You" opened on Broadway (#3). They capped the Washington Monument on the 17th (#4).

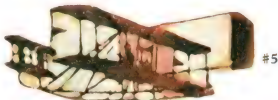
The Wrights first flew on that date (#5). The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock on the 21st (#6). As if that weren't enough the first crossword puzzle was published on the very same



day (#7). Every day a whizzer!

But not big enough to celebrate with Pinch.

Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Mellow and Smooth, as good scotch should be.



But there's another thing: Pinch tastes delicious. The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of subtle Grain and rich Malt whiskies that



has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop. Flavor such as Pinch gives you is only for Great Gestures.



Other times a man has to be satisfied with scotch in Round Bottles. Not that scotch in Round Bottles isn't good (#8). It is. Plenty good enough to give away for the 7 Danger Days.

But when Christmas comes, give Pinch!



Pinch... for Celebrations
& Great Events (even when
they're nobody's business but your own)



No, Virginia, Mattel toys are not unfair to Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and friends

Definitely not. Mattel Inc. simply lends Santa a helping hand on his material handling problems with a rental fleet of thirty Clark lift trucks. Chatty® dolls, Larry® the Talking Plush Lion, Baby Pattaburp™, V-rooom!™ dump-trucks and engines and Mattel's other famous toys and dolls move through the manufacturing process via Clarklift® trucks, then dash away to Santa's distribution points via Clark-built truck-trailers. From there it's up to those other well-known material handling experts, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Associates. And a Merry Christmas to all! Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

The same

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CINEMA

Esso Operetta

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg is a triumph of taste, spirit and style over a plot drenched with soulful clichés. This splashy, sparkling French musical, in which every word is sung, is attuned to the sensibilities of sad young lovers who like to contemplate futility while walking barefoot in the rain. The film delights the eye, but it gives the mind very little to feed upon.

In rainy Cherbourg, Geneviève (Catherine Deneuve) keeps slipping away from her mother's umbrella shop to meet an ardent garage mechanic, Guy (Nino Castelnuovo). Guy goes off to the war in Algeria, leaving Geneviève pregnant. When she doesn't hear from him, she lets her mother marry her off to a sober young jewel merchant. One Christmas time years later, the lovers meet again briefly and find themselves virtual strangers. Geneviève is now a chic, prosperous Parisienne. Guy has acquired a pleasant wife, a son, and an Esso station he can call his own.

The audience may justly snicker a bit when this climactic encounter is interrupted by a uniformed station attendant who sings: "Shall I fill it up, Madame? Super or standard?" The sound of Muzak lyricism in the score is for the most part standard. There are no songs as such, but the script, in rhyme translated by prosaic subtitles, weaves themes of love and despair into insistent patter music that accompanies every utterance from "*Je suis enceinte. Maman*" to "pass the sugar."

Despite its seeming effort to imitate operetta, *Umbrellas* is essentially pure fable, cleverly edged with pessimism. By exercising a stylistic *savoir-faire* that saucily regards faults as virtues, Director Jacques Demy transforms it into a film of unique and haunting beauty. Suspended in silvery rain above a cobblestone street, the camera peers down at a crimson umbrella that is soon jostled by others into a colorful mosaic. Again, the tumbling of carnival masqueraders past a plate-glass window adds ineffable poignancy to Actress Deneuve's tranquil blonde perfection as she waits for Guy. And in her wedding scene, wearing a maternity bridal gown, she is the exquisite embodiment of every girl who ever traded her first carefree rapture for a bit of tangible security.

Demy not only risks the commonplace, he makes simplicity almost a fetish, disarms the audience with ingenuousness. I like a kid with a handful of bright new crayons, he scrawls his sadly cynical fairy tale across the shabby landscape of the town. Through his eyes Cherbourg becomes a city of promise done up in candy-box décor, where every shopfront, boudoir and corner histro has been daubed with gentle pastels or vibrant reds, yellows, pinks, blues. This is the way things ought to be, he

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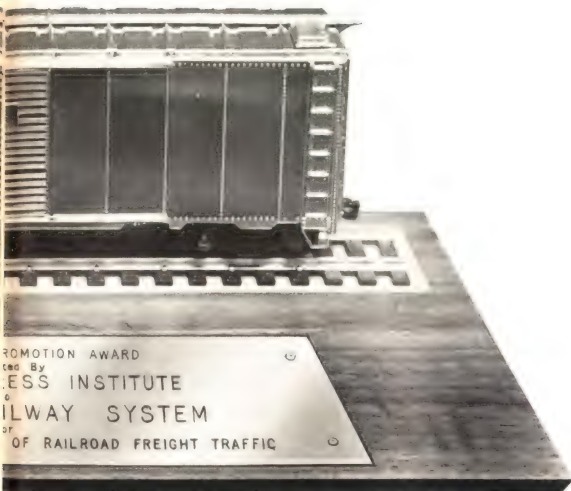


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IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN



Use 'em like crazy!

Christmas Seals on your holiday mail fight tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases

wistfully suggests, not yet faded with the passing seasons into the greyness of things as they are. Hollywood has been performing such tricks for years, but rarely with so graceful a touch.

Smooth Sailor

Father Goose. The man looks as seamy as an old sea bag. His chin sprouts a day's growth of stubble. Tattered shirttails flap outside his trousers, and he tops the ensemble with either a disreputable yachting cap or a sweat-stained fedora. Coltish Leslie Caron sums him up succinctly as "a rude, foul-mouthed, drunken, filthy beast."

The filthy beast is Cary Grant, somewhat whimsically cast as a Pacific island beach bum. World War II has begun,



GRANT IN "GOOSE"
A sprightly stab at crudity.

and Grant greets it with the disdain he might ordinarily show for a stale canapé. Nevertheless, Australian Navy Commander Trevor Howard tricks him into a position as a plane spotter (code designation: Mother Goose) on a remote islet near New Guinea. Soon he has to rescue Caron and her seven giggling schoolgirl charges, who have fled the French consulate school at Rabaul.

After a promising beginning, *Father Goose* hits the shoals and settles down as a slick but superficial imitation of *The African Queen*. Its darling juveniles strain their precocity to freshen up the familiar fireworks between a proper young lady and an improper gent. The war itself looks like one of the livelier attractions at Disneyland. Grant and Caron endure pretty little hardships, finally try to get married by a chaplain over short-wave radio during a Japanese strafing attack.

The film's main interest lies in the novelty of a grubby Grant. He is miscast as a Bogart, but he makes a sprightly stab at crudity: When his dinghy starts to capsize with a full cargo of sweet young things, one tiny mutineer bites him, and he throws a capful of water in her face. When Caron slaps him, he lets her have it too. When Trevor Howard



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.



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PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD KRIEGER

106 acres of five o'clock shadow.

That's a lot of shaving to nearly 10 million TV Guide men. And a big market for shaving cream, razor blades, deodorant, as well as cameras, hi-fis, automobiles. They're younger (median age: 38.4) than Look, Life, or Post men. Young enough to go for new ideas. Old enough to sport healthy bankrolls. They read TV Guide—news, profiles, commentary and the advertising. In fact, your advertising dollar buys higher readership in TV Guide than in any other mass magazine. A great way to shave your costs. It pays to talk to people when they're paying attention.

SOURCES: SIMMONS STANDARD MAGAZINE REPORT, 1964; STARCH ADNORMS, 1964





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informs him that the island has a hidden treasure-trove of good Scotch whisky. Grant starts pawing the turf like Pavlov's dog. His engaging brand of rough-house finally proves a point that was never seriously in doubt in the first place. Scrub the style and polish off Cary Grant, and what do you find? The real polish underneath.

Knocking Off Fort Knox

Goldfinger. A grey sports car spirals lazily up an Alp. Looks like any other Aston Martin? Look again. This rod has bulletproof windows, and can change license plates at the flick of a switch. Its radioscope tracks a bugged automobile 240 km. away. From vents in the rear it releases a smokescreen and an oil slick. From ports in the grille it protrudes a pair of machine guns. What's more, the rear axle of the chariot is armed with bladed hub caps that telescopically extend to chew up the rubber of an overtaking vehicle. And if the driver should decide to ditch an obstreperous passenger, he need only press a button: the roof glides back and the jump seat violently ejects the jerk.

In the driver's seat, it goes without saying, sits that gadget-gaga gumshoe, James Bond (Sean Connery). "Ta-ta," he chortles as he charges full throttle into his latest caper. Poor James. Little does he know that he is about to encounter the grand master of all master criminals, "the most evil genius he has ever faced": Auric Goldfinger.

Gold is the operative syllable. Goldfinger is a modern Midas who owns a solid-gold revolver, a solid-gold Rolls-Royce, and a gold-plated girl friend. He is reputedly a "billionaire," but still he wants more gold; he wants all the gold in the world. To get it, Goldfinger has assembled a ghastly crew of criminal specialists. Among them: Oddjob (Harold Sakata), a Korean karatist whose hands are so strong he can crush a golf ball between thumb and forefinger; and Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman), the person who flies lead plane in Goldfinger's private air force. With their assistance, Goldfinger intends to execute a criminal masterpiece. "Tomorrow," he blandly announces, "we will knock off Fort Knox."

A bit much? Yes, but it's meant to be. Like *Doctor No* and *From Russia with Love*, the two previous Bond bombshells, this picture is a thriller exuberantly travestied. No doubt *Goldfinger's* formula for box-office gold contains entirely too much brass, but who cares? In scene after scene Director Guy Hamilton has contrived some hilariously horrible sight gags. Item: a gangster Goldfingered for liquidation is taken for a ride to the nearest junkyard, where car and contents are seized by a giant claw, dropped into a mighty mangle and ruthlessly crushed into a small square bale of bloody metal. "Ah, yes!" Goldfinger graciously explains when somebody wonders where the gangster is. "He had a pressing engagement."

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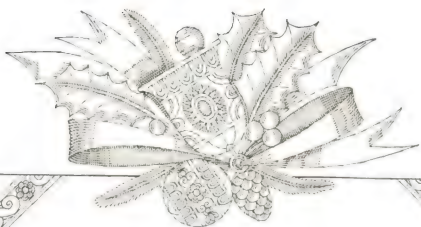
consumer acceptance of our line of tools. This was reflected in substantial sales growth, so naturally we are continuing with Worldwide Sports on the CBS Radio Network."

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Want a piece of the action? Give us a call. We've got a sporting proposition for you.



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improves
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of water
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Teacher's**



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SCOTLAND
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BOOKS

The Fleshly Muse

FRIEDA LAWRENCE. THE MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE edited by E. W. Tedlock Jr. 481 pages. Knopf. \$7.50

As an early prophet of the century's sexual revolution, in prose and by example, D. H. Lawrence attracted swarms of intense female admirers, several of whom rushed into print right



MURRY, FRIEDA & D. H. LAWRENCE
As generous of body as of soul.

after his death with memoirs whose burden was that only the author understood "Lorenzo's" real self, and only his cloddish wife Frieda stood in the way of some blazing fusion that would make sexual, if not literary, history.

Lawrence died in 1930, leaving generations of teen-agers to pore over his lyrical celebrations of sex (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The Plumed Serpent*) as a mystical force that was its own imperative, displacing petty considerations of established custom, narrow morality or Christian ethic. For 26 years, until her own death in 1956, Frieda loyally supported the image of Lawrence as the ultimate male. But all the while she was writing an extensive fictionalized memoir. In this book, Professor E. W. Tedlock Jr. of the University of New Mexico has tried to patch together her fragmentary memoir into a coherent whole, and has also assembled a collection of hitherto unpublished correspondence by and to Frieda. The result is to transform Frieda from an offstage presence into a compelling personality in her own right.

More than Reality. The memoir itself is lesser Lawrence in philosophy ("Sex is almost the essence of living"), and the style is the still lesser English

that might be expected of a Prussian baron's daughter. But the letters are delightful and perceptive. Most startlingly, they reveal that Frieda was at least as sexually uninhibited as Lawrence himself professed to be (which was a good deal more than he was in reality).

In the first year that she left her professor-husband and three children to live with Lawrence, Frieda was admitting that she could be attracted to other men. She and Lawrence, not yet married, set off on a walking trip with David Garnett and his friend Harold Hobson. Before the trek across the Alps was over, Frieda had confessed to Lawrence that she had felt a strong physical attraction to young Hobson, and he to her. Frieda discussed it freely in letters to Garnett, and Lawrence furiously scribbled comments across her letters: "Stinker! Bitch!"

There are many letters reflecting the affair she had several years later with John Middleton Murry, husband of Katherine Mansfield. "Why, I ask myself, was it you who should have revealed to me the richness of physical love?" Jack wrote to Frieda many years later, lamenting that he had lacked the courage to steal her from Lawrence. "And the loveliness there was between us came out of the generosity of your soul as much as the generosity of your body."

Inner Torment. The primary value of the collection, however, is in its illumination of the stormy relationship between Frieda, the German aristocrat, and Lawrence, the coal miner's son. Lawrence emerges as much prig as immoralist. But he also amply demonstrates his doctrine that the most lasting relationship between man and woman is "love-hate." She concedes that some inner torment sometimes hurled him "over the edge of sanity. Once, I remember he had his hands on my throat, and he was pressing me against the wall and ground out: 'I am the master, I am the master!'" Her response: "Is that all? You can be master as much as you like, I don't care."

But Frieda has as many self-important feelings as self-effacing ones. She complained to one admirer about "so-called 'men'" whose chastity was "male conceit," and she added: "I know to my sorrow that I am six times the man that any of you are." But with Lawrence's death at 45 of tuberculosis, Frieda was seemingly knocked to her knees: she reported "seeing his greatness whole for the first time." Like "a hero in the old days," he should be "burnt on a funeral pyre," and as his widow, she should "throw herself as a last tribute into the flames."

Where she threw herself instead was into an alliance with a pottering Italian painter and ceramist with whom she lived until she died, the last six years in

wedlock. In explaining away her haste and the family of four that were left in Italy, friend Aldous Huxley pointed to Frieda's "extreme helplessness when left alone to cope with a practical situation." It was indeed a fact, never mentioned in these jottings, that D. H. had done most of the household's dusting and dishwashing.

Outer Fidelity. For all her infidelities to Lawrence's person, Frieda had been resolutely loyal to his work. The slightest reservation by a reviewer was met with massive rebuttal. Her husband, she wrote, had "changed the world's outlook on sex for all time," and had been persecuted "only because the world was not ready for the new reality."

The world has now accepted the "new reality," and its views on Lawrence's literary skills have consequently become clear-eyed, discovering that his prose was often embarrassingly overblown, his plots contrived, his characters stylized. But Lawrence was at heart a polemicist, driven by an idea, and that idea lifts and illuminates his best pages. More than many a more skilled craftsman, Lawrence had changed the manners and morals of the Anglo-Saxon world.

The Sunday paintings of D. H. Lawrence have long been a source of licentious but frustrated fascination because few people have ever seen them. "I put a phallus in each one of my pictures somewhere," Lawrence told a painter friend, "and I paint no picture that won't shock people's castrated social spirituality." The London police obliged by closing up Lawrence's first showing in 1929. Now, at last collected and vended by Viking Press (*Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*; \$12.50), the long-forbidden fruit proves to have been outdated by onrushing realism. There is a sampling of candid nudes, but the approach is less pornographic or primitive than merely earnest. In the artistic output of Lawrence, 10,000 pictures would have been worth less than one word.

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The Calculated Deceit

NUMBER 7 by Julian P. Boyd, 166 pages. Princeton University, \$4.

James Bond, it turns out, was not the most illustrious man to be assigned the number 7 (give or take a couple of zeros) in the records of Her Majesty's Secret Service. His real-life rival, in stature if not in ingenuity, was not only a zealous informant for Great Britain but also, at the very same time, the U.S.'s first Secretary of the Treasury—Alexander Hamilton.

Teetery Credit. A decade after the Revolution, Britain was still denying U.S. ships access to the West Indies and



HAMILTON

Whose effigy was for hanging?

still treating the new nation, economically, as a colony. The policy of Secretary of State Jefferson was to threaten counterembargoes and demand concessions. Hamilton believed that conciliation and appeasement were the only hope. Outtalked in Cabinet meetings, Hamilton set about negotiating with the British on his own. He justified his interference on the ground that the then teetery credit rating of the U.S. economy required *rapprochement* with the British at virtually any cost.

In preparing the 17th volume of *Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, Editor Boyd reconstructed from scattered documents evidence of Hamiltonian double-dealing so "far indeed beyond the limits of honorable conduct in public office" that Boyd has now rushed out his findings in a separate monograph. He does not remotely suggest that Hamilton was in any sense a British agent. He does allege that Hamilton was so passionately opposed to what seemed to him the anti-British bias of his own Government

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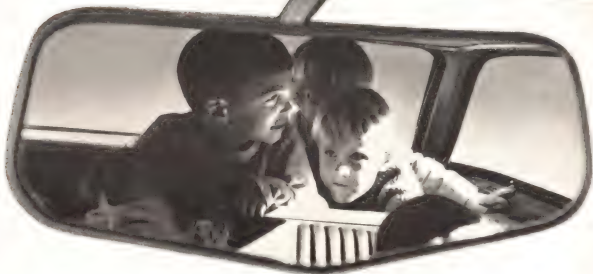


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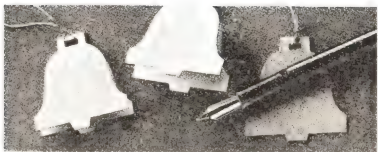
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NY17

that he conspired with a British agent to change it, confiding to him the deliberations of the U.S. Cabinet itself and engaging in a "calculated and continuing use of deception."

Hamilton's go-between was British Major George Beckwith, who was assumed to be Britain's *de facto* Minister to the U.S., but who in fact had been a master spy since 1780 when he arranged the defection of Benedict Arnold. The major and the Secretary rendezvoused five times. Beckwith relaying his information to London in coded dispatches that referred to his high-placed source as "Number 7."

As a Cabinet officer, Hamilton was obligated to inform the President of any confrontations with a foreign representative. But he doctored his reports to further his unilateral policy of entente. When the word from Whitehall was hostile, as in the first rendezvous, Hamilton simply did not report the meeting at all. The memorandums he submitted of later meetings, maintains Boyd, were nothing but "gross misrepresentations." Hamilton's indication that the British favored alliance he calls "deliberate distortion," and his notation discrediting the performance of U.S. Minister to London Gouverneur Morris was "libel."

Compromised Dignity. It is Historian Boyd's argument that Hamilton's machinations "compromised the national dignity and the national interest" of the new republic and weakened its hand in the continuing negotiations with Whitehall. Thus, when an Anglo-American agreement finally emerged in 1794, the U.S. secured almost none of the concessions it had sought, including trade reciprocity in the Caribbean. Its signer, Chief Justice John Jay, was hanged in effigy, and the agreement is still known as "Jay's treaty." But Boyd believes that its name, and the effigy, should have been Hamilton's.

In Search of a Faust

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERNISATION
by I. R. Sinai. 256 pages. Norton. \$5.50.

"Backward" is a word no longer used in polite Western circles to describe the underdeveloped nations of the world. Yet this is precisely the word that I. R. Sinai uses, plus some even blunter ones, in an angrily eloquent book on the problems and prospects of the new nations. "The international atmosphere," writes Sinai, "is absolutely clogged with slogans, speeches and books extolling the 'Great Revolution' that has supposedly been brought about in all these populous territories. What we are witnessing in reality is a colorful masquerade, a sort of superior political orgy, superficially exciting but essentially undermining and leading only to a process of dissolution."

Lithuanian-born Author Sinai, 40, is an Israeli citizen who is now lecturing at Manhattan's New School of Social Research. Along with some other realistic observers, he contends that Western



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imperialism was much too easygoing. Assailed by guilt feelings, sentimentalizing the alien cultures over which they ruled, the imperialists failed to overhaul the social structures of the subject nations. They gave the non-West a taste for Western-style living without supplying them with the economic base or the management training that could provide it. As a result, the former colonies, now touchily proud new nations, are worse off than they were under colonialism.

Time to Give Up Gandhi. Non-Westerners, writes Sinai, fail to understand that the West's envied economic progress is not a matter of technology alone. It rests on character traits developed over centuries of Western history: an assertive individualism; a secure, well-



SINAI

Ex-colonies never had it so bad.

defined ego; a Faustian drive to learn and master.

All of these traits are conspicuously lacking in the non-West; nor are non-Westerners at all sure that they want them. Believing their own propaganda about the "spiritual superiority" of their way of life, they stand with a foot in each world. A leader like Nehru urged, on the one hand, rapid industrialization, and on the other revered the Gandhian ideal of small, self-sufficient communities dedicated to hand spinning. The non-Western personality is in fact schizophrenic, writes Sinai; and in an acid aside, he suggests that psychiatrists might be more useful in the new nations than economists.

Supremacy of the West. Since the new nations must undergo a change of heart before they can progress, writes Sinai, the West is wasting its time with economic aid, which is tantamount to "pouring oil into a motor with ruined cylinders." It is also unrealistic to expect them to be democratic. They are so far behind the West that it takes a strong man to pull them up. Such a leader is likely to be an "exceedingly



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unattractive specimen," obsessed with the idea of modernization and oblivious to the niceties of diplomacy. And since he has to take so many unpopular steps, he cannot take a chance at the polls, where he is almost certain to be defeated. Only when a degree of modernization has been achieved can he afford to relax and allow more democracy.

Turkey's Kemal Ataturk proved to be almost the ideal strong man. While he modernized Turkey and guided it to economic "take-off," he discarded dreams of national expansion and left his neighbors alone. Though he ruled as a dictator, he prepared the country for an eventual transition to democracy. Turkey is far from perfect today, but it is in much better shape and has much better prospects than any underdeveloped nation. Strong Men Nasser, Nkrumah, Ben Bella, take note.

From Pish to Posh

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL HUMOR edited by Leonard C. Lewin. 476 pages. Delacorte. \$6.50.

American political humor is as old as American politics, and the best of it has been collected in this volume. What strikes a reader as funny, writes Editor Leonard Lewin, depends on whose "sacred cow is gored." So he has selected his material from the right, the left and the middle, showing that political wit knows no ideology. Included are David Crockett's tale of how he traded drinks for votes when running for Congress; Artemus Ward on Honest Abe's reaction to his nomination ("Oh, don't bother me, I got 200,000 rails to split before sundown"); and Will Rogers on Wilson ("President Wilson says the Old Testament stayed as it was written and he thinks the League of Nations had just as good authors as it did"). Coming a bit closer up to date, there is H. L. Mencken on Warren Harding's inaugural address ("It drags itself out of the dark abyss of pish, and crawls insanely up the topmost pinnacle of posh"); and a constituent's letter to Texas Congressman Ed Foreman ("My friend over in Terebone Parish received a \$1,000 check from the government for not raising hogs. What I want to know is what is the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hogs not to raise").

And finally, Lewin quotes Oliver Tension's version of the Gettysburg Address as it might have been delivered at an Eisenhower press conference: "We have to make up our minds right here and now as I see it, that they didn't put out all that blood, perspiration and—well—that they didn't just make a dry run here, and that all of us here, under God, that is, the God of our choice, shall beef up this idea about freedom and liberty and those kind of arrangements, and that government of all individuals, by all individuals, and for the individuals, shall not pass out of the world-picture".



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F O R T U N E

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New Report Card on the Business Schools

"Search all the public parks and you'll never find a monument to a committee"

—*"After the Battle in
U.S. Rubber's Executive Suite"*
FORTUNE, December 1964

If you think it's easy to tell which way the ball bounces at U.S. RUBBER, you haven't seen the December FORTUNE and the story quoted above.

Before one word was written, a team of FORTUNE researchers, writers, and editors spent six weeks interviewing scores of company officers . . . they logged thousands of miles, traveled to 11 plants in 7 states . . . rocketed down Rubber's \$3.5-million test track in a souped-up Chevrolet at 140 m.p.h. . . . wrapped up all the facts and figures on how the company licked quality control and labor problems to rack up the highest sales ever for a third quarter.

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ONLY IN FORTUNE

For a reprint of "After the Battle in U.S. Rubber's Executive Suite," quoted above, write on company letterhead to: FORTUNE, Room 18-41, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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